# VERSES AND VERSIONS

BY

GEORGE MURRAY.

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Grace Ethel Fairbanks

with her Father's love

Oct 9th 1891

# VERSES AND VERSIONS

BY

GEORGE MURRAY,

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TO SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A., K.C.I.E., C.S.I.,

EQUALLY DISTINGUISHED AS A CLASSICAL AND AN ORIENTAL SCHOLAR,

A JOURNALIST AND A POET;

MY DEAREST COMPANION FOR MANY YEARS, BOTH AT KING'S

COLLEGE, LONDON, AND AT THE UNIVERSITY

OF OXFORD,

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## HOW CANADA WAS SAVED.

TIME: MAY, 1660

"Il faut ici donner la gloire à ces dix-sept Français de Montréal, et honorer leurs cendres d'un éloge qui leur est deu avec justice, et que nous ne pouvons leur refuser sans ingratitude. Tout estait perdu, s'ils n'eussent péri, et leur malheur a sauvé ce païs."—*Relations des Jésuites*, 1660, p. 17.

Beside the dark Utāwa's [1] stream two hundred years ago,
A wondrous feat of arms was wrought, which all the world should know;
'Tis hard to read with tearless eyes that record of the past
It stirs the blood and fires the soul as with a clarion's blast.
What though no blazoned cenotaph, no sculptured columns tell
Where the stern heroes of my song in death triumphant, fell;

What though beside the foaming flood untombed their ashes lie—
All earth[2] becomes the monument of men who nobly die.

A score of troublous years had passed since on Mount Royal's crest[3]
The gallant Maisonneuve upreared the Cross devoutly bless'd,
And many of the saintly Guild that founded Ville-Marie
With patriot pride had fought and died, determined to be free.
Fiercely the Iroquois had sworn to sweep, like grains of sand,[4]
The Sons of France from off the face of their adopted land,
When, like the steel that oft disarms the lightning of its power,
A fearless few their country saved in danger's darkest hour.

Daulac, the Captain of the Fort—in manhood's fiery prime—
Hath sworn by some immortal deed to make his name sublime,[5]
And sixteen "Soldiers of the Cross," his comrades true and tried,
Have pledged their faith for life and death—all kneeling side by side:
And this their oath—on flood or field, to challenge face to face
The ruthless hordes of Iroquois, the scourges of their race—
No quarter to accept or grant, and, loyal to the grave,
To die like martyrs for the land they shed their blood to save.

Shrived by the Priest, within the Church where oft they had adored,
With solemn fervour they partake the Supper of the Lord;
And now those self-devoted youths from weeping friends have passed,

And on the Fort of Ville-Marie each fondly looks his last.

Unskilled to steer the frail canoe or stem the rushing tide,

On through a virgin wilderness o'er stream and lake they glide,

Till, weary of the paddle's dip, they moor their barques below

A rapid of Utāwa's flood, the turbulent Long-Sault.[6]

There, where a grove of gloomy pines sloped gently to the shore,

A moss-grown palisade was seen—a fort in days of yore—

Fenced by its circle they encamped and on the listening air,

Before those staunch Crusaders slept, arose the voice of prayer.

Sentry and scout kept watch and ward; and soon, with glad surprise,

They welcomed to their roofless hold a band of dark allies—

Two stalwart chiefs and forty braves—all sworn to strike a blow

In one great battle for their lives against the common foe.

Soft was the breath of balmy spring in that fair month of May,

The wild flower bloomed, the wild bird sang on many a budding spray,

A tender blue was in the sky, on earth a tender green,

And Peace seemed brooding like a dove o'er all the sylvan scene;

When loud and high, a thrilling cry dispelled the magic charm

And scouts came hurrying from the woods to bid their comrades arm,

And bark canoes skimmed lightly down the torrent of the Sault

Manned by three hundred dusky forms—the long-expected foe.

They spring to land—a wilder brood hath ne'er appalled the sight—

With carbines,[7] tomahawks, and knives that gleam with baleful light ;

Dark plumes of eagles crest their chiefs and broidered deerskins hide

The blood-red war-paint that shall soon a bloodier red be dyed.

Hark! to the death-song that they chant—behold them as they bound,

With flashing eyes and vaunting tongues, defiantly around;

Then, swifter than the wind, they fly the barrier to invest,

Like hornet-swarms that heedless boys have startled from a nest.

As Ocean's tempest-driven waves dash forward on a rock

And madly break in seething foam hurled backward by the shock,

So onward dashed that surging throng, so backward
were they hurled,
When, from the loopholes of the fort, flame burst,
and vapour curled.
Each bullet aimed by bold Daulac went crashing
through the brain,
Or pierced the bounding heart of one who never
stirred again ;
The trampled turf was drenched with blood, blood
stained the passing wave,
It seemed a carnival of death, the harvest of the grave.

The sun went down—the fight was o'er—but sleep
was not for those
Who pent within that frail redoubt sighed vainly for
repose ;
The shots that hissed above their heads, the Mohawks'
taunting cries,
Warned them that never more on earth must slumber
seal their eyes.
In that same hour their swart allies, o'erwhelmed by
craven dread, [8]

Leaped o'er the parapet like deer and traitorously
fled;
And when the darkness of the night had vanished like
a ghost,
Twenty and two were left—of all—to brave a madden-
ed host.

Foiled for a time, the subtle foes have summoned to
their aid [9]
Five hundred kinsmen from the Isles to storm the
palisade;
And panting for revenge they speed, impatient for
the fray,
Like birds of carnage from their homes allured by scent
of prey.
With scalp-locks streaming in the breeze they charge,
but never yet
Have legions in the storm of fight a bloodier welcome
met
Than those doomed warriors, as they faced the deso-
lating breath

Of wide-mouthed musketoons that poured hot cataracts
of death. [10]

Eight days of varied horror passed! What boots it now
to tell
How the pale tenants of the fort heroically fell?
Hunger and thirst and sleeplessness, Death's ghastly
aids, at length
Marred and defaced their comely forms, and quelled
their giant strength.
The end draws nigh, they yearn to die, one glorious
rally more
For the dear sake of Ville-Marie and all will soon be
o'er;
Sure of the Martyr's golden Crown, they shrink not
from the Cross,
Life yielded for the land they love, they scorn to
reckon loss!

The fort is fired—and through the flames, with
slippery, splashing tread

The Redmen stumble to the camp o'er ramparts of the dead ; [11]

There with set teeth and nostril wide, Daulac the dauntless, stood

And dealt his foes remorseless blows 'mid blinding smoke and blood,

Till hacked and hewn, he reeled to earth, with proud unconquered glance,

Dead—but immortalized by death—Leonidas of France !

True to their oath, that glorious band no quarter basely craved ;

So died the peerless Twenty-two—So Canada was saved ! [12]

## GRACE CONNELL.

### AN IRISH IDYLL.

A simple story of a woman's love:
'Twas told by one whose voice is silent now.

Grace Connell, not unfittingly she bore
The name of Grace, was scarcely five years old
When death bereaved her of a mother's care.
A dismal time! At length, her father, vexed
With countless nothings that recalled his wife,
And all her sweetness, said: "My little Grace,
We will away, and leave this desolate house,
And spend our lives among the fisher-folk
Where I was born and learnt to sail a boat.
I will go first and find some dwelling-place
And take thee hence." He went and soon returned.

Then, aided by a kinsman of his wife,
Whose kindness claimed it as a privilege
To drive the wanderers to their future home,
He packed, it did not take them long to pack,
His humble stock of household furniture,
And with wet eyelids travelled leagues away.
The simple fisher-folk, who know so well
How heavily loss of mother and of wife
Falls on survivors, warmly welcomed him
Back to his native place and did their best
To make the truant feel once more at home.

A nest-like cottage, that had been for sale
On his first visit he had bought, and there
They settled down. It stood aloof from storms,
Backed by precipitous cliffs and faced the green
Atlantic waves that wash the southern coast
Of that fair island, for which God hath done
So much and man so little. Grace was glad
And loved to ramble on the shore in quest

Of shells and shining pebbles or, from rocks
Draped with long wreaths of dripping weeds, to watch
Wave following wave, first swelling up and poised,
Then toppling over with a booming fall
In sheets of foam that quivered on the sand.
Still she grew lonesome, and the boundless sea
Made her more lonesome, till her father missed
The smiles that once lent sunshine to her eyes.
"She wants a woman in the house," he said,
"While I am gone. To fishers like myself
The houseless ocean seems perforce, a home,
But she, poor child, sits brooding here alone
With no companions but the tumbling waves."
And thus, in time, he wooed a second wife.
She, with soft, winning ways, soon brought the smiles
Back to the eyes of Grace and when she gave
Birth to a daughter, Grace, to shew the love
She bore the woman of her father's choice,
Was never tired of nursing baby Nell.

And now two years, two happy years, had flown

Winged with God's blessings, when a cruel chill
Caught while half-drowned by floods of drenching rain
And lashed by hissing spray, she paced at night
The windy, weed-strewn, breaker-beaten shore
And watched the trawlers plunging through the foam,
Brought the young mother to the bed of death.
Holding her husband's hand within her own
She passed away, with prayers upon her lips
For both the children, prized with equal love.
Forthwith a younger mother took her place,
A sister and a mother—two in one—
While Nellie played, scarce conscious of the loss.
And so they grew together, like two buds
Heralds of dainty blossom, day by day
Unfolding all the fragrance of their youth,
But with contrasting natures. Grace was grave ;
Graver by far than maidens of her age,
But Nellie seemed a waif from Fairyland,
A tricksy sprite, a butterfly or bird,
So swift her movements and so sweet her song.
A fisher's wife, whose girlhood had been passed

In cities, taught the pretty maids to read,
Lent them good books, and to the subtle art
Of making lace their lissom fingers trained.
And thus the years, like summer birds, flew by.
Their kindly neighbour, when she sold her lace
At market, sold theirs also ; and this gain
Joined to their father's earnings, brought them in
A modest competence that met their needs.
So, in a changeless round of household work,
Mending of nets and patching up of sails,
With books and lace, and pleasant strolls at eve
On the warm sands, or bathings in the surf,
Their maiden lives were innocently passed,
Till Grace had reached the age of twenty-one,
Six years forerunning Nellie. Folk around
Vowed she must marry some tall fisher lad :
" Sure 'twas a shame," they said, " to balk the lad,
Who waited only for a smile to woo."
But Grace said, blushing, " That could never be
Till Nell had grown a woman and was wed."
In after days she called her words to mind.

Meanwhile, no cloud obscured their sunny sky
And all was peace and harmony and love.
But the night cometh when no man can work.
One eve their father, with persistent heart—
The fish, he said, of late had been bewitched—
Sailed forth to reap the harvest of the sea.
As night came on, the turbulent winds awoke
And roused confederate billows from their sleep,
Like ruthless felons that abhor the light,
Bound on some errand of appalling crime.
Then through the hurricane at midnight's hour,
While thunder with reverberating peals
Crashed, the two sisters draped in heavy cloaks,
Roamed the wet shingle where the breakers roared,
And through the veil of darkness dimly scanned
The awful ocean's tempest-wrinkled face.
The lightning's glare, intolerably bright,
Flashed like a fiery serpent from the clouds
With lurid gleams on black, tumultuous waves
Crested with foam, and on the white-winged gulls
That fluttering inland eddied round and shrieked

With mocking cries like demons of the storm.

Fair rose the day, as on Creation's dawn ;
The sea still trembled like a sentient thing,
And all the sands were fringed with curdled foam
And strewn with tackling, spars, and rents of sail,
Spurned by the deep's annihilating wrath.
At noon, two mates of Connell were at work
Caulking a coble, when the helpless limbs
Of a drowned fisherman were tossed ashore—
The toil-worn sire of Nellie and of Grace.
Grim was the human wreck—no sight, they said,
For orphans' eyes—as on some stranded deals
They bore the dead man to a vacant hut.
There, when in strips of canvas they had swathed
The corpse to hide its ghastliness, they framed
A rough-hewn shell from planks of sturdy pine
That once had lined the carcass of a ship,
And through the hamlet spread the sorry news.
So, when the curtain of the night had dropped
And womanfolk and children were asleep,

The fishers, gathering from each cottage, met
Hard by the hut. Thence six broad-shouldered men
Bore forth the coffin shrouded in a sail,
And raised it tenderly, and led the way,
While a long line of mourners, two by two,
Followed in slow procession, by the glare
Of torches, to the village burial-ground.
Bareheaded, silent, while the hungry sea
That slew their comrade in the distance moaned,
Sorrowing they stood. The patriarch of the crowd
Poured forth an unpremeditated prayer
In tremulous tones and many tears were shed
Both for the dead and living. Then a grave
Received the coffin and the sandy earth
Was shovelled o'er it, trampled down, and smoothed,
And the mute object of their care was left
Safe in God's acre where alone is peace.

Two mothers and a father thus were lost
From earth for ever, in a few short years,
To one brave girl; but, undespairing still,

She fought life's battle for the sake of Nell
The giddy trifler, whom she fondly loved.
The neighbours watched her efforts to be gay
With wondering pity and each vied with each,
By gracious acts and kindly offices
To shed some warmth upon her cold, bleak life.
More than all others there was one who yearned
To change each tear of Grace's to a smile.
Young Ned Adair, a sailor's only son,
Who in the neighbouring seaport served his time
To a skilled carpenter, would oft at eve
(His plane and saw and chisel laid aside),
Stray to the cots that clustered by the sea,
Drawn thither by the yet unconscious Grace.
At last he spoke: "Sweet Grace, you must have seen,–
You, who are so quick-sighted,—that I love
The very ground you tread on—that I long
To chase each shadow from your life and pass
My days in happy labour for your sake.
The years of my apprenticeship are o'er,
Though still I work for Master and my pay

Will more than furnish all our simple needs.
Trust me—my love is truthful—be my wife.
My father and my mother will be glad,
They know you well, and all the fisher-folk,
Here in my native place, well pleased will see
The grave Grace Connell wife of Ned Adair."
She heard, but spoke not; she had learned to look
On Edward's coming as a kind of charm
That laid the ghost of sorrow for a time—
Nay, more, unknowingly she loved the lad—
But when she thought of Nellie, the bequest
Of a dead mother, Grace, whose loyal soul
Had seemed throughout her lover's speech to hear
The still small voice of duty interdict
All thought of marriage, faltered timidly
Some inarticulate words, in which "dear Nell"
Alone could be distinguished. Then the lad
Replied; "My darling! think not I would part
Sister from sister. Nell shall still be yours,
And till she weds shall call our home her own."

The lover's pleading won the girl's consent:
His father and his mother were well pleased,
And the kind gossips looked ere long to hail
The grave Grace Connell wife of Ned Adair.
Alas, for woman's love! How oft it seems
To waste its wealth on some ungrateful heart,
Like precious seed that falls on stony ground!
Grace, by some subtle instinct that detects
Each lurking symptom of capricious change,
Felt, and half blamed herself because she felt,
That he who held her captive to his will
Was, like a caged bird, pining to be free;
Free, but if free, freed only from herself,
Slave to the beauty of her sister Nell.
The boding gaze of sad, mistrustful love
Could not be blinded, and, resigning hope,
Grace sighed, "O God! my life's short dream is o'er!"
Yes! it was true. With every passing hour
Doubt grew to full conviction, and the date
Fixed for her wedding-day was close at hand.
At hand! Grace shivered. Will no pitying power

Unravel deftly this entangled skein,
And save three lives from life-long wretchedness?
Mere chance it seemed—Grace said the hand of God—
Cut the coiled knot. One eve at set of sun,
She, with her wayward lover, strayed along
A narrow path that bordered on the sea.
Light-hearted Nell, above them on a cliff,
Was gathering sea-pinks, and with warning cries
They strove to check her daring, but the girl
Who knew no fear, scarce heeded them, until,
With venturous arm outstretched to cull a flower,
She fell head foremost from the crumbling ledge
Sheer to the waves, and, grazing with her brow
A smooth-worn boulder, floated out to sea
Crying, "Dear Edward, save me!" He, half crazed,
Plunged in and swimming with victorious stroke
Caught the frail form and bore it to the beach.
In madness o'er the senseless maid he hung,
Called her "Sweet Nell," and sobbed "Come back
to me—
I cannot live without you, sweetest Nell!"

And Grace with breaking heart was looking on.

In aftertimes she told the fisher-folk,
"I did not marvel—could not think it strange
That the light fancy of the lad had veered
From me to her; for, when that night I scanned
My own grave features, and then looked upon
That fair young blossom as she lay at rest
Like a bruised lily on her little bed,
I thought how sweet she was, compared with me,
And felt no touch of anger that the child
Had twined round Edward's fickle heart, when well
I knew how closely she had twined round mine.
And so, next day, I said to Edward, 'Dear!
I think you will not blame me when I say,
Take back your vows and pledges, for I feel
I am too sad a woman for your wife,
Nor shall I marry any man on earth.
Take Nellie—for she loves you well, I know.'

So, when in time the colour had come back

To Nellie's cheek the three were of accord
That the gay madcap should be Edward's wife.
Fresh plans were formed. Said Edward : " I will go
To a new world beyond Australian seas
And seek my fortune. I am strong of arm
And cannot fail where there is work for men ;
And, when my life has prospered, I will send
Home for sweet Nellie, and you, too, must come,
Dear Grace, and live with us where'er we be."
" Nay, brother, nay," Grace answered, with a sigh,
(Such sighs are breathed by broken-hearted maids),
" That cannot be. My home is here, alone,—
Here, by my father's grave, until I die."
Thus the stern sacrifice of self was made
For two, whose shallow natures failed to gauge
The deep devotedness of woman's love.

Adair had sailed, and Nell, betrothed, was left
To bide the summons from beyond the sea,
Watched o'er, like some inestimable gem,
By her whose heart was bleeding all the while.

Grace toiled and saved and lived for Nell alone,
Training her tenderly to be the wife
Of one whom still she cherished in her dreams
As the sole star that once had lit the gloom
Of her young life and then had faded out.
The end drew near: a letter came at last,
Nell's first love-letter. How the fairy smiled
And blushed to read the golden words of love
That Erin's sons coin best of all mankind!
It told of Ned's prosperity and health,
Of solid wages paid for solid work,
Of town and country, climate and the rest.
There was a draft, too, on the seaport bank,
Made out in favour of the careful Grace,
To pay Nell's passage, buy the wedding-dress
And all things fitted for a lovely bride;
And last, not least, within the letter's folds
Close muffled in some silken floss, Nell found
A tiny ring of Australasian gold,
Fit for the finger of the Fairy Queen.
All soon was ready. Morn and noon and eve

Grace, with a self-denying love that seemed
Too strong for nature, too sublime for earth,
Yielded sweet service to the restless girl,
Who hourly chid the leaden-footed hours
And sighed for wings to waft her o'er the main.

The day of parting came ; beside the quay
A giant steamer lay, prepared to house
The thousand emigrants who thronged the decks.
Oh ! sad the sights, unutterably sad,
That met the gaze upon that crowded wharf—
Fond mothers folding in their arms the necks
Of stalwart sons—grey-haired, decrepit sires
Invoking blessings on the heads of those
They could not hope to meet again on earth—
And tearful lovers, parted for a time.
There, too, were Grace and Nellie. From the huts
Of the poor hamlet, tender-hearted dames
Had joined the sisters, wistful to assuage
The bitter anguish of the last farewell.
Grace scarce could speak ; with deep convulsive sobs

She strained weak Nellie to her throbbing heart
And murmured, "Nellie, love, God bless you both!"
The deck was cleared of strangers; then a band
Struck up "St. Patrick's Day," to drown the noise
Of groans and prayers and blessings and laments;
Back surged the crowd–the gangways were withdrawn–
And the huge steamer, with its joyless freight
Of Erin's exiles, slowly moved away.

An hour went by; Grace still was standing there,
Still gazing o'er the green Atlantic waves,
Rapt in deep thought. Softly the women came
And touched her, saying, "Dearest Grace come home."
She answered meekly, in pathetic tones:
"Kind friends, I ask your pardon, leave me here.
Pray, be not vexed—I fain would be alone.
Grant me this favour, for I am not well,
My heart is aching. When the night has come,
Perhaps I shall be better. God is good!"

## WILLIE THE MINER. [17]

Ghastly and strange was the relic found
By swarthy pitmen below the ground :

They were hard rough men, but each heart beat quick,
Each voice with horror was hoarse and thick,

For never perchance since the world began,
Had sight so solemn been seen by man !

The pitman foremost to see the sight
Had shrieked out wildly and swooned with fright ;

His comrades heard, for the shrill scared cry
Rang through each gallery, low and high,

So they clutched their picks and they clustered round
And gazed with awe at the thing they found,

For never perchance since the world began,
Had sight so solemn been seen by man !

It lay alone in a dark recess ;
How long it had lain there, none might guess.

They held above it a gleaming lamp,
But the air of the cavern was chill and damp,

So they carried it up to the blaze of day
And set the thing in the sun's bright ray.

'Twas the corpse of a miner in manhood's bloom,
An image, dismal in glare or gloom.

Awful it seemed in its stillness there,
With its calm wide eyes and its jet-black hair,

Cold as some effigy carved in stone
And clad in raiment that matched their own ;

But none of the miners who looked could trace
Friend, son, or brother in that pale face.

What marvel ? a century's half had rolled
Since that strong body grew stiff and cold,

In youth's blithe summer-time robbed of breath
By vapors winged with electric death.

Many, who felt that their mate was slain,
Probed earth's deep heart for his corpse, in vain,

And when naught was found, after years had fled,
Few still shed tears for the stripling dead,

Save one true maiden, who kept the vows
Pledged oft to Willie, her promised spouse.

Now cold he lieth, for whom she pined,
A soulless body, deaf, dumb, and blind,

But still untainted, with flesh all firm,
Untravelled o'er by the charnel-worm.

'Twas as though some treacherous element
Had strangled a life, and then, ill-content,

Had, pitying sorely the poor dead clay,
Embalmed the body to balk decay,

Striving to keep, when the breath was o'er,
A semblance of that which had been before.

So it came to pass, that there lay in the sun,
Stared at by many but claimed by none,

A corpse, unsullied and life-like still,
Though its heart, years fifty since, was chill.

But ho ! ye miners, call forth your old,
Let men and matrons the corpse behold,

Before the hour cometh, as come it must,
When the flesh shall crumble and fall to dust ;

Some dame or grey-beard may chance to know
This lad, who perished so long ago.

The summons sped like a wind-blown flame,
From cot and cabin each inmate came.

Veteran miners, a white-haired crew,
Limped, crawled, and tottered the dead to view,

(Some supporting companions sick,
Leaning themselves upon crutch or stick,)

With wrinkled groups of decrepit crones,
Wearily dragging their palsied bones.

'Twas a quaint, sad sight to see, that day,
A crowd so withered, and gaunt, and grey.

And now they are gathered in groups around
The dead man delved from the under-ground,

And each stoops downward in turn, and pries
Into its visage with purblind eyes ;

Mind and memory from some are gone,
Aghast and silent, they all look on.

But lo ! there cometh a dark-robed dame,
With careworn features and age-bowed frame,

Bearing dim traces of beauty yet,
As light still lingers when day has set.

She nears the corpse and the crowd give way,
For, " 'Tis her lover," some old men say,

Her lover Willie, who, while his bride
Decked the white robe for her wedding, died—

Died at his work in the coal-seam, smit
By fumes that poisoned the baleful pit !

One piercing shriek ! she has seen the face
And clings to the body with strict embrace.

'Tis he, to whose pleading in by-gone years
She yielded her heart, while she wept glad tears,

The same brave Willie, that once she knew,
To whom she was ever, and still is, true,

Unchanged each feature, undimmed each tress,
He is clasped, as of old, in a close caress.

Many an eye in that throng was wet,
The pitmen say, they can ne'er forget

The wild deep sorrow, and yearning love
Of her who lay moaning that corpse above.

She smoothed his hair and she stroked his cheek,
She half forgot that he could not speak ;

And fondly whispered endearing words
In murmurs sweet as the song of birds :

" Willie, O Willie, my bonny lad,
Was ever meeting so strange and sad ?

Four and fifty lone years have passed
Since i' the flesh I beheld thee last,

Thou art comely still, as i' days o' yore,
And the girl-love wells i' my heart once more.

I thank thee, Lord, that thy tender ruth
Suffers mine arms to enfold this youth,

For I loved him much . . . I am now on the brink
O' the cold, cold grave, and I didna think,

When the lad so long i' the pit had lain,
These lips would ever press his again !

Willie, strange thoughts i' my soul arise
While thus I caress thee wi' loving eyes ;

We meet, one lifeless, one living yet,
As lovers ne'er i' this world have met,

We are both well-nigh of one age—but thou
Hast coal-black curls and a smooth fair brow,

While I—thy chosen—beside thee lie,
Greyhaired and wrinkled and fain to die !"

So sobbed the woman ; and all the crowd
Lifted their voices and wept aloud,

Wept to behold her, as there she clung,
One so agëd, to one so young.

And surely pathos more deep or keen
In earthly contrast was never seen.

Both had been youthful, long years ago,
When neither dreamed of the coming woe,

But time with the maiden had onward sped,
Standing still with her lover dead!

## TO A HUMMING-BIRD IN A GARDEN.

Blithe playmate of the Summer time,
Admiringly I greet thee ;
Born in old England's misty clime,
I scarcely hoped to meet thee.

Com'st thou from forests of Peru,
Or from Brazil's savannahs,
Where flowers of every dazzling hue
Flaunt, gorgeous as Sultanas ?

Thou scannest me with doubtful gaze,
Suspicious little stranger !
Fear not, thy burnished wings may blaze
Secure from harm or danger.

Now here, now there, thy flash is seen,
Like some stray sunbeam darting,
With scarce a second's space between
Its coming and departing.

Mate of the bird that lives sublime
In Pat's immortal blunder,
Spied in two places at a time,
Thou challengest our wonder.

Suspended by thy slender bill,
Sweet blooms thou lov'st to rifle,
The subtle perfumes they distil
Might well thy being stifle.

Surely the honey-dew of flowers
Is slightly alcoholic,
Or why, through burning August hours,
Dost thou pursue thy frolic?

What though thy throatlet never rings
With music soft or stirring;
Still, like a spinning-wheel, thy wings
Incessantly are whirring.

How dearly I would love to see
Thy tiny *cara sposa*,
As full of sensibility
As any coy mimosa!

They say, when hunters track her nest
Where two warm pearls are lying,
She boldly fights, though sore distrest,
And sends the brigands flying.

What dainty epithets thy tribes
Have won from men of science!
Pedantic and poetic scribes
For once are in alliance.

Crested Coquette, and Azure Crown,
Sun Jewel, Ruby-Throated,
With Flaming Topaz, Crimson Down,
Are names that may be quoted.

Such titles aim to paint the hues
That on the darlings glitter,
And were we for a week to muse
We scarce could light on fitter.

Farewell bright bird ! I envy thee,
Gay rainbow-tinted rover ;
Would that my life, like thine, were free
From care till all is over !

## THE LAKE.

(From the French of Lamartine.)

Must we for ever to some distant clime
  Drift through the night despairingly away?
And can we never on the sea of Time
  Cast anchor for a day?

O Lake! a year hath past with all its pain,
  And, by the waves she hoped once more to see,
Here, on this stone, I seat myself again,
  But ask not where is she?

Thus didst thou murmur in thy rocky caves,
  On their torn flanks thy waters thus did beat,
While the gay Zephyr flung thy foaming waves
  Around her fairy feet.

One summer eve we floated from thy shores,
Dost thou recall it? Not a sound was heard,
Save when the measured cadence of our oars
The dreamy silence stirred.

Then tones more sweet than earth shall ever hear,
Sweet tones that never will be heard again,
Woke slumbering echoes round the haunted mere
That listened to the strain,

"O blissful Time! suspend thy flight,
Dear hours, prolong your stay,
And let us taste the fleet delight
Of this enchanting day.

Alas! too many filled with woe
Thy tardiness regret;
For these, outstrip the winds, but oh!
Earth's happy ones forget!

I ask some moments more, in vain —
Time's wings more swiftly fly:
'O rapturous eve,' I sigh, 'remain,'—
Lo! night is in the sky.

Come, let us love—the minutes flee—
Love may not long abide;
Time's river knows no ebb, and we
Drift onward with the tide."

O jealous Time, say, why must hours like these,
That thrill the heart with youthful passion's glow,
Take wing more quickly on the summer breeze
Than dismal hours of woe?

Can we not fix one joyous moment's trace,
Must it from earth be cancelled evermore!
Shall Time each record of our love efface,
Refusing to restore?

O grand Eternity ! O solemn Past !
Ye, whose abyss engulfs our little day,
Speak, will ye grant again the bliss, at last,
That once ye snatched away ?

O Lake beloved, mute caves, and forest green,
Whose beauty Time ne'er suffers to depart,
Keep fresh the memory of that evening scene,
Fair Nature, in thy heart !

Keep it, dear Lake, in sunshine and in storm,
In all the varied aspects of thy shore
In these dark pines, and rocks of savage form
That round thy waters soar.

Still let it live in every breeze that sighs,
In each soft echo that the hills repeat,
In every star that on thy bosom lies
With lustre, calm and sweet.

Let night-winds murmur to the reeds her name,
Let the faint fragrance that embalms each glade,
Let every sound and sight and scent proclaim,
"Here, two fond lovers strayed."

## THE PARDONED SIN.

Up the worn steps and through the ivied porch
That screened the entrance to an ancient church,
A gentle school-boy passed, in earnest thought.
His heart was throbbing and his eyes were filled
With tears that trembled. Pausing in the nave,
He looked around with timid glance and gazed
On windows lustrous with the blazoned forms
Of saints and martyrs and angelic hosts,
And on a priceless miracle of art
That o'er the altar hung with mute appeal—
Christ, bowed to earth beneath a weighty Cross.
He sighed; "I also have my Cross to bear,"
And to the dim confessional drew nigh.

A white-haired priest, with mild benignant eyes,
Beheld him coming, and in gracious tones
That oft had wooed the sinner from his sin,
Exclaimed: "My son! if thou dost seek mine aid
It waits thine asking. Weep not—but lay bare
The secret sorrows of thine inmost soul."
The boy replied: "My Father! I have sinned,
And am not worthy to be called thy son.
Still, if thou wilt, my sad confession hear
And grant forgiveness in the name of God."

He knelt: with sobs of inarticulate woe
He faltered unintelligible words
In broken accents, so that he who heard
Failed to interpret their significance.
In vain he listened patiently; at length,
Loath to confuse the boy, "Dear child," he said,
My ears are dull, for I am frail and old,
I cannot glean the purport of thy speech:
Write it, I pray thee. In the scholar's bag
Slung from thy shoulder, there are, doubtless, stored

A tablet and a pencil. Write I pray."
The boy obeyed: and, weeping while he wrote,
Traced the brief record of his self-reproach,
And meekly gave the tablet to the priest.

But lo! in token that his angel watched;
The simple child's innumerable tears
Had blurred and blotted each remorseful line:—
The words were visible to God alone!
With tears of sympathy, the white-haired priest
Perused the baffling and bewildering signs,
That told more plainly than the plainest speech
The sad, sweet anguish of a contrite heart.
Then with a grateful smile, he blessed the Lord,
And softly murmured: "Child! depart in peace.
God pardons thee—thy penitential tears
Have washed away all record of thy sin!"

## THE THISTLE. [14]

A Legendary Ballad.

*"Le cœur de l' histoire est dans la tradition."*

'Twas night! Darkness, like the gloom of some funereal pall,
Hung o'er the battlements of Slaines,—a fortress grim and tall.
The moon and stars were veiled in clouds and from the Castle's height
No gleam of torch or taper pierced the shadows of the night;
Only the rippling of the Dee blent faintly with the sound
Of weary sentry-feet that paced their slow, unvarying round.

The Earl was sleeping like a child that hath no cause
for fear ;
The Warder hummed a careless song his lonely watch
to cheer;
Knight, squire and page, on rush-strewn floors were
stretched in sound repose,
While spears and falchions, dim with dust, hung round
in idle rows,
And none of all those vassals bold, who calmly dream-
ing lay,
Dreamed that a foe was lurking near, impatient for the
fray.

But in that hour,—when Nature's self serenely seemed
to sleep,—
In the dim valley of the Dee, a bow-shot from the
keep,
A ghost-like multitude defiled, in silence, from the
wood
That with its stately pines concealed the Fort for
many a rood,—

The banner of that spectral host is soiled with murderous stains—
They are the "Tigers of the Sea," [15] the cruel-hearted Danes!

Far o'er the billows they have swept to Caledonia's strand,
They carve the record of their deeds with battle-axe and brand,
Their march each day is tracked with flame, their path with carnage strewn,
For Pity is an angel-guest their hearts have never known.
And now the caitiffs steal by night to storm the Fort of Slaines—
They reck not of the fiery blood that leaps in Scottish veins!
Onward they creep with noiseless tread—their treacherous feet are bare,
Lest the harsh clang of iron heels their slumbering prey should scare.

"Yon moat," they vow, "shall soon be crossed, yon rampart soon be scaled,
And all who hunger for the spoil, with spoil shall be regaled.
Press on—press on—and high in air the Raven Standard wave;
Those drowsy Scots, this night, shall end their sleep within the grave!"

Silent as shadows, on they glide, the gloomy fosse is nigh,
"Glory to Odin, Victory's Lord! its shelving depths are dry.
Speed, warriors, speed,"—but, hark! a shriek of agonizing pain
Bursts from a hundred Danish throats—again it rings, again!
Rank weeds had overgrown the moat, now drained by summer's heat,
And bristling crops of thistles pierced the raiders' naked feet!

That cry, like wail of pibroch, stirred the sentry's
kindling soul,
And, shouting " Arms ! to arms ! " he sped the Castle
bell to toll.
But ere its echoes died away upon the ear of
night,
Each clansman started from his couch, and armed him
for the fight ;
The draw-bridge falls,—and, side by side, the banded
heroes fly
To grapple with the pirate-horde and conquer them
or die !

As eagles on avenging wings, from proud Ben Lo-
mond"s crest
Swoop fiercely down and dash to earth the spoilers of
their nest ;
As lions bound upon their prey or, as the burning
tide
Sweeps onward with resistless might from some vol-
cano's side ;

So rushed that gallant band of Scots, the garrison of Slaines,
Upon the Tigers of the Sea, the carnage-loving Danes.

The lurid glare of torches served to light them to their foes,
They hewed those felons, hip and thigh, with stern, relentless blows,
Claymore, and battle-axe, and spear were steeped in slaughter's flood,
While every thistle in the moat was splashed with crimson blood;
And when the light of morning broke, the legions of the Danes
Lay stiff and stark, in ghastly heaps, around the Fort of Slaines!

Nine hundred years have been engulfed within the grave of Time,
Since those grim Vikings of the North by death atoned their crime.

In memory of that awful night, the thistle's hardy
grace
Was chosen as the emblem meet of Albin's[16] dauntless
race ;
And never since, in battle's storm, on land or on the
sea,
Hath Scotland's honour tarnished been—God grant it
ne'er may be !

## THE SOWER.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

Peaceful and cool, the twilight grey
Draws a dim curtain o'er the day,
While in my cottage-porch I lurk
And watch the last lone hour of work.

The fields around are bathed in dew,
And, with emotion filled, I view
An old man clothed in rags, who throws
The seed amid the channeled rows.

His shadowy form is looming now
High o'er the furrows of the plough;
Each motion of his arm betrays
A boundless faith in future days.

He stalks along the ample plain,
Comes, goes, and flings abroad the grain ;
Unnoted, through the dreamy haze
With meditative soul I gaze.

At last, the vapours of the night
Dilate to heav'n the old man's height,
Till every gesture of his hand
Seems to my eyes sublimely grand !

## GOD'S HEROES.

Once, at a battle's close, a soldier met
A youthful comrade whom his eyes had missed
Amid the dust and tumult of the strife.
Flushed with the glow of victory, and proud
Of wounds received in presence of his Chief,
He spake in tones of triumph to the boy;
"I did not see thee in the battle's flame;"
The stripling answered: "I was in the smoke."
Then, with his hand upon his bleeding heart,
He closed his eyes, and suddenly fell dead!
So, countless heroes, oft unheeded, fight
In Life's grim battle, hidden by the smoke.
With patient martyrdom they ply the tasks
That God assigns them. Words of sympathy
From human lips too seldom cheer their toil,

Or help them to be victors over pain.
Few mark their struggles in the crowded world—
Few sooth their anguish while they inly bleed—
And, when they answer to the call of Death,
Their names are syllabled on earth no more.

## A PARABLE. [17]

With limbs at rest on the earth's green breast
In a dim and solemn wood,
A proud form lay, on a summer day,
In listless, dreaming mood.

A streamlet slow in the brake below
Went sadly wailing on,
With murmurs wild, like a restless child
That seeketh something gone.

The Dreamer rose from his vain repose
With stern and sullen look,
And scornful ire blazed forth like fire,
As he cursed the simple brook;

"Thy murmurs deep disturb my sleep—
Be still, thou streamlet hoarse!
Small right hast thou of voice, I trow,
To tell thy foolish course."

The waters stirred, for a spirit heard—
The spirit of the streams—
And a voice replied, that softly sighed
Like a voice we hear in dreams.

"If the sleeper fear my voice to hear,
Let him stir each rocky stone,
Whose cruel force impedes my course
And makes my waters moan."

. . . . . .

Oft in my heart strange fancies start
And a voice in plaintive strain
Sings, sadly sings, that earthly things
Were shadowed in my brain;

That wealth and birth on God's free earth,
Oft curse the noise and strife
Which poor men make, as they strive to break
Through the rugged ways of life.

The sad voice sings, that ermined kings
Dream on in stately halls,
With curses deep for their broken sleep
When an anguished people calls;

And when sharp stones wake human moans,
They hear, but never move,
Nor lend men strength to win at length
The liberty they love.

## THE LAMP OF HERO.

(From the French of Louise Ackermann.)

When Hero's lover, reckless of the storm,
Each night more hungry for his stealthy bliss,
Swam the swift channel to the trembling form
That waited with a kiss;

A Lamp, with rays that welcomed from afar,
Streamed through the darkness, vigilant and bright,
As though in Heav'n some large, immortal star
Unveiled its throbbing light.

The scourging billows strove to blind his eyes,
The winds let loose their fury on the air,
And the scared sea-gulls shrieked discordant cries,
Foreboding death's despair;

But from the summit of the lonely tower
The Lamp still streamed above the waters dim
And the bold swimmer felt redoubled power
Nerve each exhausted limb.

As the dark billows and the winds at strife
Whelmed in their wrath the love-sick boy of old,
So, round humanity the storms of life
Since Time was born have rolled.

But while each lightning-flash reveals a tomb
Which yawns insatiate for each wretch that cowers,
In the same dangers, and the same dense gloom
The same true Lamp is ours.

Through the dull haze it glimmers, dim and pale,
The winds and waters struggle but in vain,
In clouds of foam the guiding star to veil,
For still it gleams again.

And we, with faces lifted to the sky,
Filled with fresh hopes, the raging billows cleave,
Faint but encouraged by the light on high
Our venture to achieve.

Pharos of Love! that in the blackest night
Dost guide our course amid the rocks and shoals,
O Lamp of Hero! fail not with thy light
To cheer our sinking souls!

## AN EASTERN JUDGE.

Before a Judge two Arabs came,
One to deny and one to claim:

And one was young and one was old—
They differed, like the tales they told.

The young man spake: "Nine days have flown,
Since the hot sands I crossed alone.

My gold meanwhile I left in trust
With yon old man, reputed just.

My journey o'er, his tent I sought;
He swears I trusted him with naught!"

"Name," said the Judge, "the sum of gold:
And where, I pray thee, was it told?"

"Four score gold pieces did I tell,
Beneath a palm-tree, by a well."

Then spake the Judge: "Go seek that tree,
And hither bid him come to me;

But take my seal, that he may know
To whom thou biddest him to go."

The youth went out into the plain—
The old man and the Judge remain.

An hour passed by—and not a word
From either of the twain was heard.

At length the Judge; "He cometh not:
Dost think the lad hath reached the spot?"

The old man, startled, answered: "No—
Far o'er the sands the tree doth grow."

The Judge spake sternly, like a King;
"How know'st where that palm doth spring?

For in the desert, near and far,
I trow that many palm-trees are."

The youth came back and said: "The tree
Returnëd answer none to me."

"He hath been here," the Judge did say,
"The gold is thine: go now thy way."

## THE TEST OF LOVE.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

Be what you may—young, old, or rich, or wise—
If you have never watched with eager eyes
  An airy footfall on a summer's eve,
Or a white veil, perchance, that glimmers by,
And, like a meteor in a sombre sky,
  Seems a bright furrow in your heart to leave ;

If it be only from the amorous lay
Of some fond bard, who sighs his soul away,
  You know the summit of all human bliss ;
To feel one heart is yours, and yours alone,
And, for your sun and moon and stars, to own
  Two loving eyes that close beneath your kiss ;

If you have never waited, sunk in gloom,
Beneath the windows of a festal room,
When the gay guests were streaming from the ball,
To see your idol, brilliant as a star,
Blue-eyed and golden-haired, the fairest far,
Pass decked with roses from the lamp-lit hall;

If you have never felt a wild distress
When hands, not yours, your darling's fingers press,
And her heart throbs upon another's breast;
If you have never watched with jealous gaze
The wanton licence of the dance's maze
And loathed to see her flattered and carressed;

Entranced with ecstasy before unknown
If you have never strayed--but not alone—
O'er silent hills, beneath the lime-trees' shade,
While countless stars were glowing in the sky
And save the birds no living thing was nigh
To hear the vows you murmured to a maid;

If some soft hand your hand has never thrilled,
If the three words, " I love you," have not filled
Your heart with floods of rapture for a day;
If you have ne'er compassionated kings
Who deem their crowns and sceptres precious things,
While you have love that cannot pass away;

If you have ne'er, when daylight's hours are fled
And dreams are floating round your dear one's head,
Wept like a child from feeling's fond excess,
And called so often on her cherished name
That you would scarcely marvel if she came,
Like some kind angel, your despair to bless;

If you have never known a woman's glance
Stir your dull spirit from its soulless trance
Till earth seemed changed to Paradise above;
If you have never felt 'twere sweet to die
For the fair child who mocks each pleading sigh—
You have not drunk the bitter wine of love!

## A LEGEND OF THE CHILD JESUS.

(Written for a Child.)

You ask a story, dearest. Here is one
Heard oft amid the peasant homes of France.

It was the time when Jesus was a child,
And, with the Baptist and his cherished lamb,
He wandered forth among the hills and dales
In the calm hours that closed a summer eve.
And they were glad: the lambkin frisked and played,
Or cropped green herbage with its milk-white teeth,
While the two cousins gathered wilding flowers,
Dipped their bare feet in limpid streams, or culled
Ripe crimson berries from full-laden boughs.
As thus they rambled peacefully it chanced
Two rustic children met them. These were wroth

Each with the other, and the stronger held
Bound by the feet a white and innocent dove
That strove to soar and ever as she strove
Was balked and baffled by a spiteful cord.

Out spake the weaker lad : " The bird is mine.
Why hast thou robbed me ? It was I that snared
The silly pigeon and thou hast no right
To filch my plaything. Give me back my own."
Thereat, his comrade stormed a wilful " No !
Thou shalt not have it ; I will keep the bird."
Then the meek Jesus sorrowfully spake :
" Lo ! with red blood her slender legs are stained,
Her eyes are dim and she is sick to death :
How wilt thou find thy pleasure in her pain ?
I cannot think thou hast a cruel heart,
For thou, like me, art still of tender years ;
Too thoughtless, may be. Wherefore loose, I pray,
This chafing cord and let the captive fly
Home to her callow nestlings that await
Her coming and are all agape for food."

Then the boy's heart was softened and he said :
" Well hast thou spoken and thy pitying tones
Have moved my pity more than I can tell.
Thy pleading shames me;—I will loose the dove.
Would I were like thee ; but whate'er I am,
Thou must not think that I am void of ruth."
So saying, he unloosed the cord that bound
The victim's feet, and " Pretty sufferer, fly,"
He cried, " fly homeward to thy downy nest
In the green woods and feed thy gaping chicks."

But, when the other saw the harmless bird
Freed from her bonds, he stooped and snatched a stone
Up from the roadside, and with deadly aim
And fury, hurled it at the joyous dove
Which dropped to earth, as lifeless as the stone—
Her slim throat mangled by the ragged flint.
Then, with keen taunts, he flung her at the feet
Of Jesus, hissing : " Meddler ! take thy prize
And grant the darling leave to soar again ! "
But the meek Jesus sadly from the ground

Raised the dead bird, and said: "Alas! poor boy,
Thou dost not know the evil thou hast wrought
By thy brief passion. God himself alone
Can to a lifeless creature life recall."
Then, kneeling down, he humbly joined his hands
In prayer, and, looking up to heaven with eyes
That swam in tears, sighed, "O! that I were God!"
And once again, "Ah! would that I were God!"
Scarce had his prayer upfloated, when the dove,
Kissed by his hallowed lips, unclosed her eyes,
Oped her light wings and clove the liquid air.
Awestruck, the children watched; then, he whose hand
Had freed the captive, whispered: "Art thou God?"
And Jesus answered him: "I cannot tell."

Then suddenly a rush of nimble wings
Whirred, and descending in a golden beam,
The dove returned and settled on the brow
Of the meek Jesus. While it lingered there,
The spell-bound children heard a solemn voice
That fell like music on their ears, and cried:

"I am the God of Heaven and He who woke
Life from death's sleep is my belovëd Son."
Then first the Baptist by these tokens knew
That the meek Jesus was the Son of God;
And gazing on the twice-born dove, he saw
A brown half-circle on her snowy neck
Marked newly there, in memory of the wound
Healed by the kisses of the Holy Child.

## THE TIME WILL COME.

RONDEAU.

The time will come, when thou and I
Shall meet once more before we die;
The links of passion's broken chain
Shall be united once again,
In coming days for which we sigh.

And thus the sorrows I defy
That cloud the sunshine of our sky,
For Hope still sings her sweet refrain,
The time will come.

O that the hours which loiter by
Would match my swift desire, and fly:

But fond impatience I restrain,
Sure that Love's trust is not in vain,
And that in answer to my cry,
The time will come.

## THE FUNERAL OF A VILLAGE GIRL.

(From the French of Julien-Auguste Brizeux.)

When fair Louise, half child, half woman, died
Like some frail blossom crushed by wind and rain,
Her bier was followed by no mourning train.
One priest alone accompanied, who sighed
Brief prayers, to which in accents soft and low,
A boy-attendant answered, full of woe.
Louise was poor: in death, our common lot,
The rich have honours which the poor have not.
A simple cross of wood, a faded pall,
These were her funeral honours, this was all;
And when the sexton from the cottage room
Conveyed her light young body to the tomb,
A bell tolled faintly, as if loath to say
So sweet a maiden had been called away.

'Twas thus she died—and thus, by hill and dale,
'Mid broom whose fragrance floated on the gale,
And past green cornfields, at the dawn of day,
The scant procession humbly took its way.
April had lately burst upon the earth
In all the glory that attends her birth,
And tenderly upon the passing bier
She snowed her blossoms and she dropped her tear.
Flowers, pink and white, arrayed the hawthorn now,
While starry buds were trembling on each bough,
Sweet scents and harmonies the air caressed
And every bird was warbling in its nest.

## BROTHERLY LOVE;

### Or, The Site of King Solomon's Temple.

There is a sweet traditionary tale,
(Dear to each brother of the Mystic Tie)
Which, though recording but a simple deed,
A simple deed—and yet how full of love—
I would that men might hear and take to heart.

That tale's clear echo, like some lute that thrills
'Mid lordlier instruments, hath floated down
Borne, like a perfume, on the breath of Time,
From the dim age of Solomon the King.
And even now its music is not dead,
Nor can it die, so long as human hearts
Feel the quick pulse of brotherhood leap high.

The harvest moon was shining on the grain
That waved all golden in the fields around
The stately city of Jerusalem.
There—a few acres all the wealth they owned—
Two brothers dwelt together, most unlike
In outward form and aspect, but the same
In deep unfailing tenderness of soul.
Stalwart and strong, one brother drove the plough,
Or plied the sickle with untiring arm,
The while his fragile comrade seemed to droop
Beneath the heat and burden of the day
As one not fitted for the toils of life.

Well knowing this, the elder brother rose
At dead of night and woke his sleeping wife
And said: "Dear heart, my brother is not strong:
Ill hath he borne the burden of the day,
Reaped the full grain, and bound the yellow sheaves.
I will arise and while my brother sleeps
Will of my shocks take here and there a sheaf

At random—that he may not note the loss—
And add the grain, thus pilfered, to his store;
And God well knoweth that we shall not miss
The sheaves devoted to a brother's need."

So, the man rose up in the dead of night
And, as his great heart prompted, so he did.

Now, while the younger pondered on his bed,
Unwitting of his brother's gracious deed,
Kind thoughts, like Angels, visited his soul
And thus he spake, communing with himself,
"Scant is my harvest—but I am alone,
And thus it haps my harvest is not scant,
Nor have I need to lay up store on earth,
For death treads closely on the heels of life!
Seeing that these things are so, let me do
What good I may, before I travel hence
And be no more. My brother has a wife
And babes to work for—and he is not rich—
From sunrise unto sunset though he toils.

I will arise and while my brother sleeps,
Will of my shocks take here and there a sheaf,
And add the grain, thus pilfered, to his store;
For 'tis not fitting that my share should be
Equal to his, who hath more need than I."

So he, too, rose up in the dead of night
And, as his great heart prompted, so he did.

But all the time he wrought that loving deed,
He trod the field with feather-footed care,
And paused at times, and listened—while the sheaves
Shook in his arms and every grain that dropped
Left his face pallid as the moon's white ray.
So, like a man with guilt upon his soul,
Full of vain fears he wrought his task, and then
Stole, like a shadow, to his lonely bed,
And slept the sleep that cometh to the good.
And thus these two, moved by the self-same love,
Each on the other nightly did bestow

The kindly boon, much wondering that his shocks
Did shew no loss, though robbed of many sheaves.

At length one night—while tenderly the Moon
Looked down from Heav'n on their unselfish love—
The brothers met; the arms of both were filled
With golden sheaves and then they understood
The riddle that they could not read before.

The simple tale, (for, to the neighbors round
Each brother fondly told his brother's deed),
Soon through the garrulous streets was noised abroad
Until 'twas whispered in the Royal Court
And reached the ears of Solomon the King.
Its pathos stole, like music, to his heart
And stirred the fountain of delicious tears
And thus he spake: "The ground whereon that deed
Was wrought, henceforth is consecrated earth;

For, surely, it is sanctified by love,
The love that loveth to do good by stealth.
I, therefore, leagued with Hiram, King of Tyre,
Who hews me cedar-trees on Lebanon
And aided also by the Widow's Son,
Cunning to work in silver and in gold,
Will on that field erect the House of God
Exceedingly magnifical [18] and high—
Because I ween that nowhere in the world
A site more holy shall I ever find."

So it was done according to his word:
And God's own House was builded on the spot
Where those two brothers in the moonlight met,
Each with the golden sheaves within his arms.

## THE FLOWERS AND THE SOUL.

(In answer to a poem by Miss Christina Rossetti, entitled "Beauty is Vain.")

The lily is tall and stately,
A peerless flower of light,
And the rose enthralls our senses
With blossoms of red and white;
But I turn from both to a maiden,
Who daily and hourly grows
Fairer than any lily
And sweeter than any rose.

Alas! for the rose and the lily,
Their bloom and their fragrant breath!
Both flower and leaf shall moulder
In dust and eternal death:

But when earth hath shrouded in darkness
The body of her I love,
Her soul shall live with the angels
In Paradise above.

## THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

"*O, call back yesterday, bid time return.*" SHAKESPEARE.

Poor faded flower,
Thy pale dead form hath caused the tears to start
And stirred the waters of my lonely heart
With strange angelic power.

Long years ago
Ere life's glad sunshine languished into shade,
Thou wast the fragrant offering of a maid
Fair as the world can show.

Let me call up
The Past's dim ghost by memory's potent spell:
One pearl at least is left, for which 'tis well
To drain grief's bitter cup!

'Twas summer eve,
And she and I, fair maiden and fond boy,
Together wandered full of such deep joy
As age can ne'er retrieve.

The cherished scene
Gleams through a mist of tears and memory sees
The velvet turf, the patriarchal trees,
The woodland cool and green.

A silver lake
Before us slumbered; herds of timid deer
With horns thrown back, came trooping to the mere
From many a leafy brake:

With large bright eyes
And ears erect, they marked our coming feet,
One moment paused, then vanished in retreat
Swift as a falcon flies.

A fairy boat
Rocked on the ripples, captive to a bough;
I loosed its chain and oared the shallop's prow
Through lily-leaves afloat.

Eve's golden rays
Streamed o'er our path; my sweet companion steered
Straight for a greenly-wooded isle that peered
Dimly through crimson haze.

We did not speak:
When bliss is infinite, what need of speech?
Our keel soon grated on the pebbly beach
That fringed a sheltered creek.

So strayed we on,
Through shadowy aisles of close-embracing trees
Whose restless foliage murmured like the seas,
A slumberous monotone.

Green twinkling leaves
Lit by slant sunbeams tremulously made
Quaint shifting arabesques of light and shade
Such as nought earthly weaves.

The Zephyr's sigh
And hum of insect-swarms alone were heard,
Save when some squirrel leapt, or nestling bird
Sang vespers from on high.

With silent joy
We stood and gazed and listened. There was nought
To mar the spell by one intrusive thought
That might our dreams annoy.

Each sense seemed drowned
In waves of happiness; I turned to tell
My soul's deep bliss to her who knew it well—
Her looks perused the ground:

There, flowering wild
'Mid emerald leaves and buds with ruby tips,
Crimson and dewy as her own sweet lips,
A fragrant blossom smiled.

With loving heed
I stooped to pluck it from its verdant nook,
When she, with playfully capricious look,
Stooped and forestalled the deed;

Then, arch coquette,
She flashed upon me her bewildering eyes
In saucy triumph and displayed the prize,
And then—our fingers met:

Her soft white hand
Sent a keen shiver through my tingling frame—
Each vein seemed glowing with a subtle flame
That each pulsation fanned.

I took the flower,
I caught her hand and clasped it in my own
And murmured vows in fond impassioned tone,
Accordant with the hour.

She did not check
The heaving tides of passion's fiery flood,
But the quick current of her tell-tale blood
Rushed over face and neck:

The faint pink flush
Of dainty sea-shell, or deep-bosomed rose,
Rich sunset hues asleep on virgin snows
Scarce typify her blush.

And then she sighed;
The small white teeth within her lips apart
Gleamed like the rain-drops that some bud's red heart
Caressing, half doth hide.

She did not move,
Her eyes half closed in languor's dim eclipse—
I pressed upon the blossom of her lips
The first sweet kiss of love.

Ah ! me ! Ah ! me !
Our fondest joys endure but for a day,
While pains make nest-homes of our hearts and stay.
And so 'twill ever be.

That maid is gone !
She, whose rare nature formed my soul's delight,
Long since to kindred angels took her flight
And I am left alone !

But there is balm
Still for my woe ; the memory of her smiles
Back to youth's morning-land my heart beguiles
And brings elysian calm.

And thus I vow,
Though colour, beauty, fragrance, all are fled
From the pale flower that lies before me dead,
I hold it sacred now :

And I would fling
The queenliest blooms aside that scent the breeze
In odorous isles of blue Pacific seas,
For this poor withered thing !

## SONG.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

If you have really nought to say,
Why come so often in my way?
Or why those smiles upon me shed—
Smiles that would turn a monarch's head?
If you have really nought to say,
Why come so often in my way?

If you would have me understand
No secret, wherefore press my hand?
I know that as you hither strayed,
Sweet dreams about your fancy played:
Why therefore clasp my hand, unless
Some riddle you would have me guess?

If you would really have me go
Far from your sight, why tempt me so?
Filled with both rapture and despair,
I tremble when I see you there:
Then prythee, cease to tempt me so,
If you would really have me go!

## THE KEEPER'S SON.

(From the French of André Theuriet.)

Black is the night and as though in fight
Their arms the trees of the forest wave,
And not a sound can be heard around,
But rain that rushes and winds that rave.

The doors are shut in yon woodland hut:
An agëd sire and his fearless sons,
Three poachers keen, with a bloodhound lean
Crouch in the thicket and load their guns.

Within the gloom of that hut's low room
An infant sleeps by the grandam's bed,
While a maiden fair near the slumbering pair
Sits at a spindle with drooping head.

A flickering lamp through the midnight damp
Illumes her cheek with a feeble light,
Aiding to trace a sweet flower-like face
And curls that stray o'er a neck snow-white.

Fair is her form, but her bosom warm
Fitfully heaves like the ocean's breast:
Is it fright or care, or the stifling air,
Or waiting, that causes her wild unrest?

The hinges weak of the frail door creak
And a rainy squall from the outer gloom
Driveth a boy, the fair maiden's joy,
Into the shadowy silent room.

Clasped in her arms, he rebukes alarms,
And cries: "Sweet Alice, what need of fright?"
She pleadeth, "Oh! speak soft and low:
My grandam's slumber is ever light!"

Their hearts beat high with ecstasy
And the maiden wipes, while she softly speaks,
The raindrops cold that like tears have rolled
Down her boy-lover's white brow and cheeks.

"My love is wild for thee, sweet child!"
He cried. She murmurs, "Eve, morn and noon
For thee I sigh; but, my darling, why
Wast thou the son of the Keeper born?

For, higher far than our forests are,
A barrier rises to part us twain:
And I dread his ire should my jealous sire
Learn that I love and am loved again."

He soothed her fears and he kissed the tears
That overflowed from her soft brown eyes;
But while deep joy thrilleth maid and boy
Day swiftly follows the night that flies.

Far off they hear shrill chanticleer—
"Bird, if I owned thee, thou soon hadst died,"
The lover speaks, while the morning breaks,
And the maiden opens the casement wide.

The storm is o'er and the blythe larks soar
Aloft like specks in the clear blue sky:
One more sweet kiss full of passion's bliss,
Now till eve cometh again, "Good-bye."

Swift as a deer, with no sense of fear,
The youthful lover then lightly broke
Through the moorland's maze, over which thick haze
Swam like a quivering wreath of smoke.

But the poachers bold, wet, famished, cold,
With empty game-bags behind their backs,
Were homeward beating a slow retreat—
Fur and feather alike each lacks.

A light branch stirred and their quick ears heard;
"Shoot!" the same instant exclaimed the sire:
Three shots ring out and three voices shout:
"The game has fallen before our fire."

Deep bayed the hound with a doleful sound,
The sire pressed onward, then shrank aghast—
'Mid the brushwood dyed with a crimson tide
The son of the Keeper had breathed his last!

## IPHIGENIA AT AULIS.

(EURIPIDES.)

"The speech of Iphigenia is remarkable for its pathos; and we seem to feel now at least that we are certainly reading the very words of Euripides, free from any interpolations."—Paley's *Euripides*, vol. III., p. 443.

Had I the voice of Orpheus, O my Sire,
And could I charm the stones to follow me,
Beguiling hearers sweetly to my will,
Words I would use—but now my only spell
Lies in my tears, for tears are all I have!
I hold no suppliant bough, but touch thy knees
With this frail body which she bore for thee:
I pray thee, slay me not before my time,
For sweet it is to look upon the light,
But thou wouldst thrust me down to nether gloom.
I was the first to call thee Father: thou

Didst call me first thy child and I did cling
First to thy knees and shower upon thy lips
Sweet, loving kisses which thy lips returned.
And thou wouldst say, "My darling, shall I live
To see thee blooming in some chieftain's halls
A joyous bride, an honour to thy sire?"
And I would answer, toying with thy beard,
Which now my hand doth fondly still caress:—
"My Father, shall it be, when thou art old
That I shall cherish thee within my home,
Repaying thus the nurture of my youth?"
I do remember me of all these words,
But thou forgetting them, dost seek my death.
Spare me I pray, by Pelops, by thy sire,
And by my mother too, who at my birth
Felt pangs less keen than those my death will cause.
What part or lot have I in Helen's loves,
Or why should Paris ruin also me?
Look on me, Father! grant one look, one kiss,
That if I fail to move thee by my words,
I may in death, at least remember these.

My brother! weak I fear me, is thine aid—
Still, weep with me, with me beseech our sire
To spare thy sister—there may be a sense
Of sorrow even in an infant's mind.
Behold, how silently he prays to thee,
My Father. Pity me and spare my life.
Two beings dear to thee are at thy feet,
He, still a nursling—I, a maiden grown.
One last brief plea I urge—'tis very sweet
To live and look upon the light; but death
Is darkness—they are mad who pray to die.
Life is more precious than the noblest death!

## AFTER THE BATTLE.[19]

Once on a time, it matters little when—
On English ground, it matters little where—
A fight was fought upon a summer day
When skies were blue and waving grass was green.
The wild flower, fashioned by the Almighty Hand
To be a perfumed goblet for the dew,
Felt its enamelled cup filled high with blood
And shrinking from the horror, drooped and died.
Many an insect that derives its hue
From harmless leaves and tender-bladed herbs
Was stained anew that day by dying men
And marked its wanderings with unnatural track.
The painted butterfly that soared from earth
Bore blood upon the edges of its wings.

The stream ran red. The trampled soil became
A quagmire whence from sullen pools that formed
In prints of human feet and horses' hoofs—
The one prevailing hue of stagnant blood
Still lowered and glimmered at the cloudless sun.
The lonely moon upon the battle-ground
Shone brightly oft, while stars kept mournful watch,
And winds from every quarter of the earth
Blew o'er it, ere the traces of the fight
Were worn away. They lurked and lingered long
In trivial signs surviving. Nature far
Above the evil passions of mankind,
Her old serenity recovered soon
And smiled upon the guilty battle-ground
As she had done when it was innocent.
The lark sang high above it; swallows skimmed
And dipped and flitted gaily to and fro.
The shadows of the flying clouds pursued
Each other swiftly over grass and corn
And field and woodland, over roof and spire
Of peaceful towns embosomed among trees,

Into the glowing distance, far away
Upon the borders of the earth and sky
Where the red sunsets faded. Crops were sown
And reaped and harvested; the restless stream
That once was red with carnage, turned a mill;
Men whistled at the plough, or tossed the hay,
And bands of gleaners gathered up the grain.
In sunny pastures sheep and oxen browsed;
Boys whooped and called to scare the pilfering birds;
Smoke rose from cottage chimneys; Sabbath bells
Rang with sweet chimes; old people lived and died;
The timid creatures of the field and grove,
The simple blossoms of the garden-plot,
Grew up and perished in their destined terms—
And all amid the blood-steeped battle-ground
Where thousands upon thousands had been slain.
But there were deep green patches in the corn,
That peasants gazed upon at first with awe.
Year after year those patches reappeared
And children knew that men and horses lay
In mouldering heaps beneath each fertile spot.

The village hind who ploughed that teeming soil
Shrank from the large worms that abounded there ;
The bounteous sheaves it never failed to yield
Were called the " Battle Sheaves " and set apart :
And no one knew a " Battle Sheaf " to be
Borne in the last load at a Harvest Home.
For many a year each furrow that was turned
Revealed some crumbling record of the fight,
And by the roadside there were wounded trees
And scraps of hacked and broken fence and wall
Where deadly struggles erst had taken place,
And trampled spots, where not a blade would grow.
For many a year, no smiling village girl
Would dress her bosom or adorn her hair
With fragrant blossoms from that Field of Death :
And, when the seasons oft had come and gone,
The crimson berries growing there were thought
To leave too deep a stain upon the hands
Of those that plucked them.

## THE MADONNA'S ISLE.

Embosomed on the deep there lay
A green Elysian isle,
With curving shore and crystal bay
Whose waters glowed awhile,
Crimson and golden, as the day
Sent down a parting smile.

It seemed to sleep, a holy spot
Amid the sleepless sea,
Where guilt and grief might be forgot,
And man from passion free
Might cease the sole, black, sullying blot
On God's fair earth to be.

There, like some phantom that we meet
In visions of the night,
The tenant of that calm retreat,
Arrayed in stainless white,
Strayed, lost in meditation sweet,
A virgin pure and bright:

Bright as the dreams of childhood's sleep
Which waft the soul to Heaven,
Pure as the tears that angels weep
When man with God hath striven
And sinned dread sins, perchance too deep,
Too dark to be forgiven!

She knelt immaculately fair,
With love-illumined face,
And like some lute the voice of prayer
Breathed spells around the place,
Up floating through the summer air
To reach the throne of grace.

But hark ! hoarse shouts her prayer arrest,
Her piteous face is pale !
For lo ! to that green Eden-nest
A boat with sun-lit sail
Airily skims o'er ocean's breast,
Like sea-bird in the gale.

Its crew are rovers bold and free,
Men stained with human gore,
And when they marked with savage glee
The Presence on the shore,
They bounded madly o'er the sea
With lengthened sweep of oar.

Rude threats they mutter as they row
Against that Hallowed One ;
They scoff and jeer, they do not know
The Mother of God's Son.
Heaven shield their helpless prey, for oh !
Compassion they have none.

With eyes upraised, that maiden mild
In speechless woe implored
Quick succour from a sinless Child,
Her offspring, but her Lord:
It came—and shrieks of terror wild
Burst from the pirate horde!

Fiercely, Euroclydon awoke
And lashed each angry wave,
Far-echoing peals of thunder spoke
In tones that shook the brave,
While shadowy depths asunder broke
In many a yawning grave.

Men struggled with unearthly might
And gasped with gurgling breath,
And when the lightning in its flight
Glared on the wreck beneath,
Just God! it was a ghastly sight
To see their ghastly death!

The gentle moon hath charms to still
The murmurs of the main,
As mothers at their own sweet will
Can soothe an infant's pain ;
That night she hushed them not until
That ruthless band was slain :

And when the billows' vengeful might
Had swept those sinners o'er,
Oh! calmly then her cloudless light
The gentle moon did pour
Upon the Virgin clothed in white
Still kneeling on the shore!

## MELANCHOLIA.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

Listen ! A woman with a wasted face,
Thin, wan, a wond'ring infant in her arms,
Is sobbing in the middle of the street.
A mob, intent on hearing, crowds around ;
Her children's mouths are hungry, she has nought,
No bread, no money, scarce a bed of straw.
Her husband drinks the income of her toil ;
She weeps and passes. When this spectre flits,
Tell me, my brothers, who among the crowd
Has seen the bottom of her aching heart ?
What hear ye always ? Peals of laughter loud.

Yon sweet-browed girl perchance once dared to claim
Some right to happiness and joy and love,

But ah ! poor orphan maid, she is alone.
Alone ! What matters it ? Her heart is brave,
She has a needle and with that she gains,
(Working the live-long day, the live-long night)
A little bread, a lodging, and some clothes.
At eve she dreamily beholds the stars,
And in the summer near the housetop sings :
But winter comes, in truth 'tis very cold
In her bare garret, up those broken stairs.
The days are short, her labour needs a lamp,
But oil is dear, like coal and wood and bread.
Oh ! Youth, Life's spring and morning, winter's prey !
Soon Hunger thrusts his paw within her room,
Unhooks a faded mantle, pawns her watch,
And the small ring that once her mother owned.
Now all is sold, the struggling child still toils
With honest hands ; but, when she lies awake,
Want, tempting demon, whispers in her ear.

Work fails. Alas ! how often this is seen.
What now is left ? One day, oh ! fatal hour,

She sells her mother's picture and she weeps.
She coughs, she shivers, must she die, O God,
At sixteen years? Behold to baffle Death,
It came to pass one morning that the maid
Plunged in the gulf, and now her cheek is red
Not with the blush of modesty, but shame.

Alas! her life henceforward must be tears,
And children, cruel in their innocence,
With joyous cries pursue her in the street.
Poor wretched girl! she trails a silken robe;
She sings, she laughs, oh! hapless soul at bay!
And the harsh world, with its denouncing voice,
Which blasts a woman and bows down a man,
Shrieks loudly: "Is it thou? Vile wretch, begone!"

## A WILD FLOWER.

(From the French of Gustave Lemoine.)

A gleaner brown, a rustic flower,
Loved a rich peasant's only son;
But she could bring no other dower
Than the fond heart that he had won.
She wept. The father said at last:
"Go, reap yon barley field of mine—
If, when three days from now have passed
The task is done, my boy is thine.

Come, listen to my mournful strain,
A simple story, sweet and sad,
This tale of one who loved in vain
Was told me by a harvest lad.

The father spoke, the listening maid
With joy and love nigh swooned away :
Forthwith she seized a reaper's blade
And deftly plied it, night and day.
When, faint and wearied, in despair,
She felt her yearning strength depart—
She drew fresh courage from her prayer,
And prayer was prompted by her heart.

Come, listen to my mournful strain,
A simple story, sweet and sad,
This tale of one who loved in vain
Was told me by a harvest lad.

A daisy in her path delays
The tender glances of her eye ;
"Price of my happiness," she says,
"Poor harmless blossom, thou must die!"
But while it perished in its youth,
It looked so pitifully mild,

That the fond maiden wept for ruth—
She, too, was but a blossom wild.

Come, listen to my mournful strain,
A simple story, sweet and sad,
This tale of one who loved in vain
Was told me by a harvest lad.

The third day passed, with twilight shade
The rich man to his barley came;
Breathless and pale, there stood the maid,
Her eyes triumphantly aflame!
"I did but jest, my girl," he cried,
"Ten crowns thy toil will amply pay."
Alas! one more frail blossom died,
Cut to the heart, ere close of day!

Such is the story, sad and sweet,
I heard amid the golden grain:
The maidens sing it when they meet,
And mingle weeping with the strain.

## BID ME NOT FORGET.

Forget thee! Can I fail to prize
The purity and grace
That tempt me still to idolize
Thy perfect form and face?
No! though thou biddest me depart
In mute despair to pine,
My faithful and forgiving heart
Thine image shall enshrine.

When other smiling lips are nigh,
I dream of thine alone;
I hear thy murmur in each sigh,
Thy music in each tone.
I seem to love thee more and more
Each hour since last we met—

Forbid me longer to adore,
But bid me not forget!

In vain I struggle to conceal
My secret from each eye;
The hopeless passion that I feel
Alas! can never die.
Farewell! thou hast no cause to fear
That, in the coming days,
My lips shall vex thy timid ear
With love's too glowing phrase.

## A WOMAN'S DREAM.

(From the French of Madame Desbordes-Valmore.)

"Wilt thou begin thy life once more,
Woman, whose hair will soon be white?
Would'st thou thy childhood, as of yore
Flushed by its guardian angel's light?
Rocked in a cradle to repose,
Wilt thou thy mother's kisses greet?"
"Yes! my lost Eden's gates unclose!
Ah yes, my God! It was so sweet!"

"Trained by thy father's tender care,
Will thou love purity and truth,
Diffusing round thee everywhere
The fragrant innocence of youth?
Wilt thou to life's enchanting prime
Fly back with joy on pinion fleet?"

"Would it might last a longer time!
Ah yes, my God! It was so sweet!"

"Wilt thou thine ignorance resume,
And spell life's alphabet anew?
When hopes, like stars, thy path illume,
Canst thou forget the storms that blew?
Wouldst thou have back thy blossoms gay,
The doves that fluttered to thy call?"
"All but the gravestones by the way—
O gracious God! restore them all!"

"Have then whate'er thy heart may crave—
Thy doves, thy blossoms, and thy song—
Time's stream with melancholy wave
Will reach the Vale of Tears ere long!
Love thou hast felt—to Love return—
Too frail its madness to defy."
"Must I again with passion burn?
Nay! pitying Saviour! let me die."

## THE STORY OF ST. ARNULPH.

Matt. xxii. 37-39. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

An earnest man, in long-forgotten years,
Relieved the maladies and stanched the tears
Of pining multitudes who sought his aid
When death their homesteads threatened to invade.
Blest with one only son, a gentle youth,
Trained in the fear of God and love of Truth,
He fondly hoped that Arnulph might aspire
Disease and death to baffle like his sire.

But the boy musing gloomily apart,
Avowed at length the impulse of his heart:

" To some calm cloister, father, I would go,
And there serve God," His father answered, " No :
Thou doest well to wish to serve the Lord
By thine whole life imperfectly adored ;
But choose thy work amid the world and then
Thou canst serve God and bless thy fellow-men."
The boy still yearning to achieve his plan,
Spake—" It were better to serve God than man."
" Pray God for help," the father said, " and He
Will solve the riddle of thy doubt to thee."

So Arnulph to his chamber went and prayed
That in his doubts the Lord would send him aid ;
And in a vision of the silent night,
A phantom stood before him clothed in white—
A form for earth too beautiful and grand,
With crimson roses blooming in each hand.
And Arnulph asked the Angel, " Are these flowers
Fresh culled from Eden's amaranthine bowers?"
He answered, " Nay : these offerings are from all

Whom God the doers of His will doth call."
"And can I offer nothing?" sighed the boy;
"May I not also serve the Lord with joy?"
"Surely thou mayst," replied that Seraph fair,
"In my left hand, behold thy gift I bear."
Then Arnulph said, "I pray thee tell me why
In thy left hand the flowers all scentless lie,
But in thy right they breathe a gracious smell
That long within the haunted sense doth dwell?"
The angel answered with pathetic tone,
"In my left hand I bear the gifts alone
Of those who worship God the Sire above,
But for His children testify no love;
While these sweet roses which shall ne'er grow wan,
Come from the lovers of both God and man."

The vision faded. Arnulph cried, "Alas!
My soul was blind!" And so it came to pass
That the changed boy a cloister entered not,
But with God's working-men took part and lot.

## THE DEAF GIRL.

When childhood's laughing tones reveal
Deep blessedness of heart,
I feign the joy I long to feel
And check the sobs that start;
Shrouding the agony that lies
Within my dim, tear-blinded eyes,
Because on earth eternally
The door of sound is closed for me,
And man—man knoweth not the key!

In solitude I love to dream
Of what I may not hear,
And muse how sweet a sound must seem,
A human voice, how dear!

Alas ! that dreams which soothe and bless
Should be so full of nothingness !
I wake and all is mystery :
The door of sound is closed for me,
And man—man knoweth not the key !

I shall not long be here on earth,
My mother's eyes are wet :
She felt, e'en when she gave me birth,
My star would quickly set.
I grow less earthly day by day,
Then tell me why should death delay ?
God calls me home, God sets me free :
The door of sound is closed for me,
But oh ! it shall not always be.

My form is frail, my sight is dim,
Life's tide is ebbing fast :
My failing senses seem to swim
And all will soon be past !

Peace, peace ! I hear sweet angel-tones
Singing in Heaven round the thrones ;
One last brief prayer on bended knee—
The door of sound is oped for me,
But God, God only, held the key !

## REMEMBRANCE.

(From the French of Alfred de Musset.)

"It was in the beginning of this period of silence that he wrote one of the most beautiful of his poems, '*Le Souvenir*.' He had visited the forest of Fontainebleau in the month of September, 1840, and a few months later he put into verse the reminiscences which were recalled by the scene of his old love for George Sand. The whole poem is most touching. But after it was published, he was filled with regret that he had given it to the world."—*North American Review*, September, 1878.

O sacred ground, in wandering back to thee
I thought to suffer though I hoped to weep;
Thou dearest grave unhonoured save by me,
Where hallowed memories sleep.

What find ye in this solitude to dread,
My friends? Why draw me by the hand away?
When habit grown so old and sweet, hath led
My footsteps here to stray.

I see the uplands and the blooming heath,
The silvery pathway o'er the noiseless sand,
The walks still redolent of lovers' breath,
Where hand was clasped in hand.

The mountain gorge's careless tracks I mark,
Familiar murmurs once again I hear
From ancient pine trees, crowned with verdure dark,
That soothed my boyhood's ear.

Here is the greenwood where my youth once more
Sings like a choir of birds upon a tree;
Fair moorland where my mistress strayed of yore
Didst thou not look for me?

Nay let them flow, these welcome, blissful tears,
That from a heart still bleeding take their rise,
And let the mist that veils long-buried years
Refresh my aching eyes.

These woods are witness that I once was blest,
Through them no echoes of a dirge shall roll;
Proud is this forest in its peaceful rest
And proud too is my soul.

With bitter cries let some bereaved one rave,
Who kneels despairing by a comrade's tomb,
Here all breathes life—the flowerets of the grave
Here cannot bud or bloom.

Behold! the moon is rising o'er the glade:
Thy glance still trembles, lovely queen of night!
But soon, dispelling the horizon's shade,
Thine orb shall glow with light.

As all the perfumes of the vanished day
Rise from the earth still moistened with the dew,
So from my chastened soul beneath thy ray
Old love is born anew.

Where are the sorrows gone that made me pale
And left me prematurely old with pain?
I grow, while gazing on this friendly vale,
A joyous child again.

Oh! tender might of Time—oh! fleeting hours,
Ye stanch each tear and stifle each regret,
And, in your pity, on our faded flowers
Your feet are never set.

I bless thee Time, kind angel of relief;
I had not thought love's wound could e'er conceal
Anguish so keen, or that a victim's grief
Could be so sweet to feel.

Far be from me each time-worn thought and phrase
That oft in heartless epitaphs are read,
Wherewith the man who never loved, displays
His feelings for the dead.

Dante, thou saidst that in the hour of woe
Remembered happiness is sorrow's curse;
What grief was thine that thus could overflow
In that embittered verse?

Must we forget that ever in the skies,
E'en when our night is darkest, light appears?
Didst thou spurn sorrow, thou, whose mournful eyes
Poured forth immortal tears?

No! by yon moon whose beams illume my glance,
That vaunted blasphemy was not thy creed;
Remembered happiness on earth perchance
May happiness exceed.

Heaven on my head its lightnings now may fling,
This memory cannot from my heart be torn;
To this, though wrecked by tempests, I will cling
Like mariner forlorn.

And oft I murmur: "At this time and place
I loved one day and I was loved again;
Time has no power the picture to efface,
While life and thought remain."

## PERHAPS.

(From the French of Gustave Nadaud.)

To horse! To horse! I mount with speed,
For we must travel far, my steed,
To find repose:
Thy master's brain is crazed with care
And we must gallop apace, but where?
Who knows?

Oh! how that golden-haired coquette
Dreamed she had caught me in the net
Of her disdain!
The Siren is so fair, so cold,
That the same kingdom cannot hold
Us twain.

Around her castle-walls each day
My steed and I with spirits gay
Were wont to roam:
Yon path familiar grown to each
We now must shun or we should reach
Her home.

Those faithless gods to which I bowed,
Her charms that lured me made her proud;
Her hair, her eyes
Blue as the cloudless heaven above,
Her lips, that seemed to breathe of love
In sighs.

At length my heart hath burst its chain,
And as my freedom I regain
I curse her pride,
And to my lips, that day by day
Murmured "I love thee," now I say,
"Ye lied."

Shame on the heartless wayward elf
Who will not tenderly herself
My passion share,
But jealously refuses still
To let me wander at my will
Elsewhere!

On, on, my steed! 'tis just the hour
That, in the gloaming, to her bower
Her slave would bring:
Now from the hateful spot I fly,
And with no tear-drop in my eye,
I sing.

But what is here? The velvet lawn,
Her home, amid the shade withdrawn—
It must be so—
O thoughtless man! O heedless brute!
That failed to recognize which route
To go!

Turn back! but no—stand still! for she
Is smiling at the casement. See!
Her finger taps.
'Twere churlish not to say "Good-bye;"
When daylight dawns, my steed and I
Afar from Circe's bower will fly,—
*Perhaps.*

## THE NEAPOLITANS TO MOZART.

"In Italy they told little Mozart that it was his bewitched ring that accomplished all his feats on the piano, until he took off the ring and quietly put it on the desk."—*Temple Bar*, for May, 1886, p. 50.

"We remember Mozart's being obliged to take off his ring, while performing at Naples. The poetical and music-loving public of that land of song could only account for his divine genius by the belief that a spirit inhabited the jewel on his finger."—*Foreign Review*, No. VII.

Strange musical wizard! the spells of thine art
Can ne'er but with life from our memory depart;
The notes are now hushed, but their echo still rolls,
Like a slow-ebbing tide, o'er our passionate souls.

Fair Naples, thou know'st, is the home of sweet song,
And thither earth's minstrels all lovingly throng;
Inspired are the pilgrims who visit this shrine,
But when have we known inspiration like thine?

The kings of this world never heard on their thrones
Such rare modulations, such jubilant tones;
The music of dreams is less marvellous far
Than the chords of thy ravishing harmonies are.

With thy nostrils dilated, and tremulous lips,
Thine eyes lit with glory that nought can eclipse,
Thou seemest some Angel, and multitudes trace
God's breath passing shadow-like over thy face.

Where learnt thy weird fingers each exquisite strain
That floods our quick spirits with pleasure or pain?
Who taught thee to wake from mute ivory keys
Low moans like deep thunder, sighs soft as the breeze?

Our poets have chronicled oft in their rhyme
Fantastic old legends of madness and crime,
Of human souls bartered for gold, might, or fame,
In compact with One whom we shudder to name.

Is it thus thou hast gained supernatural skill ?
Hast thou mortgaged thy soul to the Spirit of Ill ?
Away with thy harmony, Wizard—but no—
Those tones are seraphic, it cannot be so.

There are beings we know of celestial birth,
Commissioned to haunt this dim planet of earth ,
Their silver-winged legions float ever in air,
Our eyes may not see them, but still they are there :

Perchance some bright minister, now at thy side,
To music's keen pathos thy fingers may guide ;
For, oh ! thy rapt strains in their tenderness seem
Like snatches of angel-song heard in a dream.

See ! see ! on thy finger there flashes a gem—
Its radiance is fit for a king's diadem :
Cast off that ring, Wizard ! Some musical sprite
Dwells shrined in that jewel's ineffable light.

Now, strike the still chords! Sweeter murmurs are heard
Like the whispers of love, or the song of a bird.
Our tears fall like rain, Stranger, give us thy prayers
Men have entertained Angels ere now unawares!

## THE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

(From the prose of Jean Paul Richter.)

Once on a time, it was the New Year's Night,
An old man at his window stood and gazed
Upon the myriad-eyed and changeless Heaven,
And on the pure white earth whereon there sighed
No human soul so hopeless as his own.

In mute despair he gazed upon his grave!
The snows of age and not the green of youth
Shrouded its blackness: and that woeful man
Out of his whole rich life now thither brought
Nought but a load of follies, sins, and cares;
A wasted frame, a desolated heart,
And lone old age embittered with remorse.

And now like ghosts the bright days of his youth
Hovered about him : and he stood once more
At Life's dread cross-road by his father's side.
Its right-hand pathway led by sunny tracks
Of virtue to a Paradise of peace
Full of glad harvests and of glorious light ;
But the left strayed, through labyrinths of vice,
Down to a dismal, poison-dropping cave,
Where serpents darted mid the dark damp night.

Ah ! now those serpents writhed about his breast,
Those poisoned droppings paralyzed his tongue,
He learnt the error of his choice—too late !
Crushed by despair he sobbed aloud to Heaven
"Give back my youth, O God ! and oh ! my Sire,
Place me once more upon that branching road,
That once again my pathway I may choose."

In vain—his father and his youth were gone !

He saw strange lights that danced above the marsh
And died within the grave-yard—and he sighed,
"Those were my sinful days." He watched a star
Shoot from the skies and glimmer to its fall
To be extinguished on the gloomy earth;
"That star is I," he groaned, and fell Remorse
Gnawed at his wounds again with serpent-fangs.

Suddenly, music for the new-born year
Like distant church-song floated from a tower.
His soul was stirred—he gazed around the earth
And mused upon the playmates of his youth,
Who, happier now and holier far than he,
Were teachers of the world, world-honoured men,
Fathers of loving children—and he cried:
"I too, my Sire, might now have happy been,
Thy NEW YEAR'S bidding had I erst fulfilled!"

He bowed his head—hot, penitential tears
Streamed on the snow—again he softly sighed,
Hopeless, unconscious almost, "Come again!
O my lost Youth, come back!"

It came again—
For on that strange and solemn New Year's Night
He had but dreamed. His youth was left him still—
His errors only had not been a dream.

With grateful soul he poured his thanks to God,
That he was spared still young to turn aside
From Sin's foul ways and follow the fair track
That leads the pilgrim to a land of peace.

Turn then aside with him, thou wayward youth,
Who standest doubting on the road of Life!
This ghastly dream was pictured for thy sake.
If e'er, grown old, in anguish thou shouldst cry,
"Come back once more O vanished Youth, come back!"
The golden years can never more return.

## IF, DARLING, WITH MELODIOUS LAY.

(From the French of Victor Wilder.)

If, darling, with melodious lay
In woodlands depths thou wert a bird,
I fain would be the slender spray
That thrills where'er thy voice is heard.
Or if thou wert a crimson flower
That bares its heart to heav'n above,
Then, like a golden bee each hour
I'd sip the honey of thy love.

Wert thou, my love, a stately swan
That floats upon some glassy lake,
I'd be the waveless mere whereon
No breeze thy cradled calm should break.
Wert thou some star, when clouds are dark,
A sentry o'er the world asleep,
I then would be a poor frail bark
For thee to pilot o'er the deep.

## THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

(From the French of Victorien Sardou.)

A secret I wish to disclose,
A mystery's heart to lay bare:
We will take for example a Rose
And a Lily with virginal air.
The Lily said: "Exquisite Rose!
If I dared,—but I fear to propose,"
Then the Rose murmured, "Pray do not fear;
One must dare, a little, my dear!"
And this is the way that the Rose
And the Lily their feelings disclose:
The Lily and Rose in this way
A subtle discretion display.

The Lily then said, "I suppose,—

## LE MUGUET ET LA ROSE.

(Par Victorien Sordou.)

Je vais vous débrouiller la chose,
Et dévoiler ce grand secret.
Voici, par exemple, une rose ;
Une rose et un muguet.
Le muguet dit : " O belle rose,
Si j'osais parler, mais je n'ose ! "
La rose dit tout bas : " Mon Dieu !
Il faut pourtant oser un peu ! "
Voila la façon dont on cause
Entre le muguet et la rose,
Et dont on joue au plus discret
Entre la rose et le muguet.

Le muguet poursuit, je suppose,

Her speech is abridged by design,
" I would love, O most exquisite Rose,
To mingle my perfume with thine ! "
The Rose answered, " Nobody knows
Good reason your wish to oppose ;
But if such a wish is sincere,
Come closer, a little, my dear ! "
Thus matters soon came to a close
Between the coy Lily and Rose :
The Rose and the Lily this way
United to form a bouquet.

Pour abréger les entretiens ;
" Que j'aimerais, charmante rose,
A mêler mes parfums aux tiens ! "
La rose dit : " C'est une chose
A laquelle rien ne s'oppose !
Mais, pour satisfaire à ce vœu,
Il faut vous rapprocher un peu ! "
Et viola comment tout chose,
Entre le muguet et la rose,
Finit par un joli bouquet
Fait de la rose et du muguet.

## SONNET.

(From the French of Félix Arvers.)

There is a secret shrined within my soul,
A deathless love, in one brief moment born,
A hopeless passion that I must control
And hide from her to whom its vows are sworn.
Yes! I must pass unnoticed by her eyes,
Close by her side, consumed by lonely thought,
And shrouding still my secret I shall die,
By naught rewarded having sued for naught.
But she—though God has dower'd her with a sweet
And tender nature—knows not that her feet
Lure me to follow her where'er they stray:
Too pure to dream her love can be desired—
Were she to read these lines she has inspired,
"Who is this lady?" she would calmly say!

## THE CHAPEL OF THE DEAD MONKS.

A Capuchin convent,
  Near Nineveh's mound,
Stands high o'er a chapel
  Scooped out underground.

Wax tapers illume it
  By night and by day;
Dead monks are its tenants,
  In ghastly array.

Erect in tall niches
  The grave they survive,
Each robed in the habit
  He wore when alive.

They stand there like spectres—
Gaunt statues of flesh,
That cunning embalmers
Have toiled to keep fresh.

Each monk, young or old, has
A scroll in his hand
With red-lettered legend
That all understand:

"I whom thou beholdest,
Was once like to thee,
And such as I am, thou
Hereafter shalt be."

One night at refection
The monks sat around,
And talked of pale ghosts in
The crypt underground.

Outspake a young brother,
And deeply he sighed,
"I will seek our loved Prior,
Who recently died.

And kneeling before him,
Confessing each sin,
Christ's pardon through faith from
His lips I may win."

"Oh! go not!" his comrades
Besought in alarm;
"The Spirits of Evil
Are plotting thy harm!"

"I fear not," he answered,
"God's arm will control
The fiends that oft harass
A penitent soul."

He went and they listened
With feelings of dread,
His footsteps descended
The stair to the dead.

They heard a door open,
They heard a door close,
And trembled like leaves at
The thoughts that arose.

Soon, piercing abruptly
The tremulous air,
A shriek of wild terror
Rang up from the stair :

The monks hurried downwards
With tapers alight,
And found their young brother
Convulsed with affright.

Quick climbing the steps while
He felt for the rail,
The hem of his long robe
Had caught by a nail.

Then, terror of darkness
The victim misled
To deem he was clutched in
The grasp of the Dead.

He died on the morrow—
Secure from decay,
His corpse fills a niche in
The chapel to-day.

## A WEEK IN A BOY'S LIFE.

(From the Provençal of Jasmin.)

I.

Chill was our sky: the swallows all had fled,
A feeble glimmer by the sun was shed,
The silent fields were lying bleak and bare,
When All Saints' Day drew nigh:
And from each palsied bough on high
The yellow leaves condemned to die
Dropped, eddying slowly through the air.

II.

One evening from our peaceful town,
While countless stars were gazing down,
A brother and a sister strayed

In melancholy mood,
And when before a Cross they stood
They innocently prayed.
Bathed in the moonlight's purity
Abel and Rose long bent the knee ;
Then like some organ in a fane
The mournful voices of the twain
Poured forth two prayers that blent in one
And soared to Heaven in unison :
" Mother of Christ ! benignant Maid !
Father at home lies sick with pain :
Oh ! send thine angel to his aid,
So shall our mother smile again
And we thy children, will adore
And love thee, sweetest Virgin, more and more."
The Virgin could not slight the prayer:
Scarce had they reached their home,
When from a door that opened there,
A woman, youthful still and fair,
With joy beheld them come :
" Poor darlings ! Death hath turned aside —

The fever is subdued—
And since your father hath not died,
Show God, dear lambs! your gratitude."
So kneeling on the bare, rude planks
Of a poor garret they gave thanks,
Beside a bed, with serge o'erspread,
Whereon with cool and painless brow,
Hilaire, the honest father lay—
A soldier in his youthful day,
A humble mason now.

III.

The morrow dawned with smiling gleam,
The sunlight once again
Was soon illuming with its beam
Each patched-up window pane,
When Abel came with noiseless tread,
Stole forward to his father's bed
And oped the curtain by his head.
He newly waked beheld his son with joy

And cried: "I looked for thee—remain, my boy.
Our home is poor: my toil procures us food:
God for your sakes has spared me. God is good.
For thou art young, not fifteen quite,
Thou knowest how to read and write,
But thou art coy and grave and prone to dream:
Still life has work for everyone I deem.
I know that thou art delicate and frail,
Less strong than comely; and thine arms would fail
To smite the stone with sinews hale:
But our Collector wise and kind,
Notes that thy manners are refined,
And to befriend thee seems inclined.
Go then and do his bidding; but no sloth
And no conceit, my boy, leave that to fools,
Writer and artisan are workmen, both—
Pens, hammers are their tools.
Mind like the body, wears our life away—
Enough, dear child! I trust that thou,
Dressed in black cloth, wilt ne'er allow
False pride to scorn thy father's mean array."

Abel's blue eyes were lifted up with joy—
Fond kisses passed between the man and boy,
Mother and sister also had their share:
Next morn the stripling to his patron went
And for four days that followed, their content
Was boundless as the air.

IV.

Alas! the pleasures of the poor are brief!
The Sabbath morning brought a mandate stern:
"Hilaire to-morrow must to work return.
If he be absent, in that case
Another hand will take his place.
By order of the Chief."
The volley from a cannon fired
No deeper anguish doles
Than by this message was inspired
Within four wretched souls.
"I'm cured," the father cries,
And struggles hard to rise

But falls back feebly—if he works, he dies !
A week of rest is wanted : ah ! poor friend !
Thy life and death upon thy toil depend.
All four were mute—through Abel's heart
A thought like lightning seemed to dart.
It dried the tears within his eyes
And lent the boy a nobler mien :
Strength in each muscle seemed to rise,
While blushes on his cheek were seen.
Then forth he fared, and quickly went
To the rough foreman's tenement.
Soon he returned : his heart no more
By sore distress was wrung.
Ne'er had he looked so gay before,
Smiles in his eyes and honey on his tongue.
" Rest, father rest ! Thou hast a week of grace.
Rest from thy toil—thy wonted vigour gain—
A friend that loves thee will supply the place
Which thou may'st still retain."

V.

Saved by a friend! So, friends still love and feel!
Would this were certain in our world of woes:
To-morrow's light the secret will reveal;
Good sons exist—but friends? alas! who knows?
'Tis Monday morn: our Abel drudges hard—
Not at the desk but in the builder's yard.
His sire was wrong: for though he seems to be
So frail, his work is as the work of three:
Deftly he crumbles up the lime
And kneads the mortar for each wall,
Light as a bird, he loves to climb,
Till the pale workmen tremble for his fall.
He walks a dizzy platform with the best,
Smiles as he mounts and smiles when he alights:
Here, there and everywhere no task he slights,
But toils to save his father—and is blest.
And thus his honest comrades there,
Who guessed the secret of the boy,
Watched while the sweat uncurled his sunny hair
And clapped their hands with tearful joy.

VI.

What bliss for Abel when at close of day
The workmen homeward press :
He quickly doffs his spattered dress
And dons his black array.
Then, three fond traitors all conspire
To cheat the unsuspecting sire,
Who hails his son's arrival from the desk :
Abe prates of bills and contracts, in burlesque,
And with an artful wink replies
When'er his conscious mother winks her eyes !
So passed three days : the patient quits his bed :
Life seems more sweet—an unfamiliar boon—
Thursday, his malady has fled :
Friday, he gaily quits the house at noon.
But Friday ! God created thee for woe !
Cheered by the sunshine's welcome heat,
Hilaire speeds onward, vexed at seeming slow :
He yearns his friend and substitute to greet—
He longs his name to know.

VII.

And now, the house is nigh: but no one stands on high,
And yet the bell for dinner has not rung:
Great Heaven! what crowds are at the building's base—
Foreman, mechanics, neighbours, old and young.
But why? A man has fall'n: Oh! piteous case!
His friend, perchance: his soul is on the rack.
He runs—the workmen shudder at the sight
And strive to keep him back.
He elbows through, with frenzied might:
Oh! helpless sire—oh! horror wild—
The friend that saved him is his darling child!
He finds him toppled from a scaffold's height,
Stretched, almost dead, upon the bloody ground:
And while the father shrieks for fright,
To aid his son all sadly cluster round.
Alas! the boy who dies,
Past aiding, only sighs:
"Master! I could not—quite—work out my week—
One day is lost—but in poor mother's name

Thy pity for my father I bespeak."
Men wept to hear the fond pathetic claim.
At length the sufferer turns his eyes
Upon his father, bends his face
Towards him for a moment's space,
Petitioning a last embrace ;
Fondles his hand and smiling softly, dies!

VIII.

They kept his place for lone Hilaire—
They proffered goodly pay,
Alas! too late! his only care
Was soon to pass away.
No gold his sorrow could efface—
No skill his life could save—
He went, to take another place,
Beside his darling's grave.

## "THE ORDER OF RELEASE."

Suggested by the picture of John Everett Millais, R.A.)

Thanks for thy picture, Millais, thanks!
It stirs each feeling heart
And as a perfect idyl ranks,
A master-piece of art.

A youthful Highlander, who fought
On red Culloden's field
And deeds of noble daring wrought,
Was forced at length to yield:

And now within a lonesome cell
The wounded captive lies,
Doomed, he forebodes, for long to dwell
Afar from dearest ties.

Hark! 'tis the Warder's measured stride:
He halts, and turns a key,
The ponderous oak door backward glides,
What shall the captive see?

He lifts his head, prepared for death,
Half weary of his life,
The sight that greets him chokes his breath,
It is—his brave young wife!

One moment—and two hearts have met
That scarce had hoped to meet:
The Clansman's eyes with tears are wet,
Unutterably sweet.

Barefooted with an infant child
Now slumb'ring on her breast,
O'er hill and dale, through wood and wild,
That wife hath onward press'd.

Bright blossoms gathered by the way
To charm her bairnie's eye,
Down from his slackened fingers stray
And on the pavement lie.

Their dog has travelled by her side
With grave, unwonted pace,
And oft inquisitively eyed
The woman's earnest face.

But now her toilsome tramp is o'er,
Her sorrows all are past;
She clasps her Allan safe once more
And triumph comes at last:

For the same arm that closely folds
The wounded form in peace,
Forth to the soldier-jailor holds
The "Order of Release."

Poor Allan on her bosom weeps,
Well nigh too weak to stand;
The faithful collie upward leaps
And licks his master's hand.

And soon those four shall quit the cell
Together, free to roam
O'er flood and fell, again to dwell
Within their Highland home.

Thanks for thy picture, Millais, thanks!
It stirs each feeling heart,
And as a perfect idyl ranks,
A miracle of art!

## A FANTASY.

(From the French of Gérard de Nerval.)

There is an air that haunts me till I slight
  The witching strains of Weber and Mozart;
An air that floods with languorous delight
  The secret chambers of my lonely heart.

Each time I listen to that music old
  I seem to live two hundred years ago,
'Tis Louis Treize who reigns, and I behold
  Green uplands golden in the sunset's glow.

Then, a tall palace, grey with granite towers
  And countless window-panes that redly glare,
Girt by broad parks through which 'mid bloom of flowers
  A glassy river wanders here and there.

And then, a lady opes a casement high—
Pale, with dark eyes, in antique robes arrayed,
One whom I loved in centuries gone by—
Whose image never from my soul can fade!

## FORGET ME NOT.

(From the French of Alfred de Musset.)

Remember me, when Morn with trembling light
Opes her enchanted palace to the Sun;
Remember me, when silver-mantled Night
In silence passes like a pensive nun.
Whene'er with ecstasy thy bosom heaves,
Or dreams beguile thee in the summer eves,
Then from the woodland lone
Hear a low-whispered tone,
Forget me not!

Remember me, when unrelenting Fate
Hath forced us two for evermore to part,
When years of exile leave me desolate,
And sorrow blights this fond despairing heart;

Think of my hapless love, my last farewell :
Absence and time true passion cannot quell,
And while my heart still beats,
Each throb for thee repeats,
Forget me not !

Remember me, when 'neath the chilly tomb
My weary heart is wrapt in slumber deep ;
Remember me, when pale blue flowerets bloom
O'er the green turf that shrouds my dreamless sleep.
I shall not see thee, but from realms above
My soul shall watch thee with a sister's love,
And oft when none are nigh,
A voice at night shall sigh,
Forget me not !

## THE SOLITARY GUEST.

"A curious dinner was lately given at one of the principal Parisian restaurants. Thirteen covers had been laid; but, to the surprise of the waiters, a single guest made his appearance. The mystery was afterwards explained. Many years before, thirteen friends (amongst whom were Alfred de Musset and Théophile Gautier), met at the restaurant in question, and agreed to dine together every year, on the same day and in the same place. The solitary guest present was M. Rubelles, a painter of some repute, aged 84."—*Canadian Illustrated News*, Dec. 6, 1873.

At Paris in a sumptuous room
The lamps were lit one Autumn night;
The air was fragrant with perfume
And all was luxury and light.
A princely feast the table graced,
Rich wines flashed eager to be poured,
And velvet-cushioned seats were placed
For thirteen guests around the board.

A liveried crowd, with noiseless foot,
Like shadows flitted to and fro,

Just touched a flower or turned a fruit,
Each to the other whispering low,
"*Est-ce que ces messieurs vont venir ?*
'Tis time the banquet should begin."
Hush ! The door opens :—they are here !
An old man feebly totters in.

He took his place and bowed his face
In mute but reverential prayer ;
Then glanced all round as though he found
A phantom in each vacant chair.
The lackeys gazed appalled, amazed
With awe, that momently increased—
They could not guess the wretchedness
That racked the Master of the Feast.

Full forty years have passed away,
Since in that same luxurious shrine
Poets and painters young and gay,
Thirteen in number, met to dine ;

And when the festal hours had sped,
They vowed each coming year to meet,
And, as each brother joined the dead,
Still to retain his ghost a seat.

Here sat de Musset, Murger there,
And here Sainte-Beuve, but wherefor dwell
On the great names of those who were?
Whose names are still a potent spell.
Last year, two met—to meet no more—
Since then, bright Théophile has gone;
Rubelles, whose years are eighty-four,
Survives the last, and dines alone!

He sits and dreams; his eyes are blind
To flowers and fruits and dainty fare;
His soul is with the Twelve—his mind
Is busied with each empty chair.
Once, only once, he called for wine:
They filled his glass—and then he said

In hollow tones, "O comrades mine,
I drink the memory of the Dead!"

Ah! who can tell the thoughts that thronged
The lonely chambers of his brain,
As gazing round he almost longed
His final home at once to gain.
Enough, my friends! The heaviest stone
Fate flings at Man's devoted head
Is, when grey-haired he sits alone,
And dreams of all his comrades dead!

## JACQUES.

In Paris at the dawn of light,
To work two masons hied;
And mounting to a scaffold's height,
Their labour briskly plied.

Soon their frail foothold in the air
Cracked, threatening to give way;
Too weak the weight of two to bear—
For one a trembling stay.

"Jacques," cried his mate, "I have a wife
And children three alive."
"Farewell!" said Jacques, and gave his life
A sacrifice for five.

O hero! known as "Jacques" to Fame,
That deed's unselfish love
In full, we trust, shall cause thy name
To be inscribed Above!

## THE MAIDEN OF OTAHEITE.

(Suggested by a poem of Victor Hugo's.)

"And wilt thou fly me? Must thy fickle sail
Soon waft thee hence before the favouring gale?
From my quick senses I would fain conceal
The nameless trifles which the truth reveal;
My jealous eyes confirm my boding heart—
I cannot doubt that thou wilt soon depart!

This very eve while roaming o'er the wet
And shell-strewn beach, where we so oft have met,
(Thou dost remember well the Giant Cave
There we would sit and hear old Ocean rave)
I saw thy ship, at anchor in the bay,
Clean bright and trim, as for some holiday;
I watched thy sailors folding many a tent,

I heard their shouts with songs and laughter blent,
I guessed the cause of all their glee and crept
Within our cave, where bitterly I wept!

Why quit our isle? Around thine island home
Doth Ocean more magnificently foam?
Are the blue skies more exquisitely clear,
Is there less sorrow in thy clime than here?
Are the flowers fairer, or the trees more grand,
Do brighter shells and pebbles deck the strand,
Or if by sickness thou shouldst stricken be,
Will far-off friends more fondly wait on thee?
Hast thou forgotten when the zephyr bore
Thy weary vessel to our welcome shore?
I gazed upon thee as upon some star
And thou didst call me to the woods afar;
'Twas the first time I saw thy smiling eyes,
And yet I came obedient to thy cries.
Then I was beautiful—but beauty's flower
Fades, droops and withers in one stormy hour,
And so with me—salt bitter tears, in truth,

Have marred my comeliness, O stranger youth!
But if thou stayest, I will bloom again,
As flowers revive in sunshine after rain.

Stay then, sweet stranger—bid me not farewell—
Tales of thy tender mother thou shalt tell,
And sing the ballads of thy native land
That thou hast taught me half to understand.
To thee I yield myself—to thee who art
My being's breath, the life-blood of my heart—
Who fillest all my days—whose form of light
Haunts my rapt soul in visions of the night—
Whose very life is so involved with mine
That my last hour must be the same as thine!

Alas! Thou goest; on thy natal hills
Perchance some virgin for thy coming thrills;
'Tis well: still deign, O master, deign to take
Thy slave along with thee; for thy dear sake
E'en to thy bride I will submissive prove,
If thy delight be centred in her love.

Far from my birthplace and my parents old,
Whose fond affection never can be told;
Far from the woods where scared by no alarms,
When thou didst call, I sank into thy arms;
Far from my flowers and palm-trees I may sigh,
But here, by thee deserted, I shall die!
If ever thou didst love me in the past,
Hear now my prayer—it is the first and last—
Frown not upon me—thou wast wont to smile—
Fly not without me to thy cherished isle,
Lest my sad ghost, when death hath stilled my heart,
Should hover round thee, wheresoe'er thou art!"

Day dawned and reddened the receding sails
Of a great ship, far distant out at sea.
Her playmates sought the maiden in her tent,
But never more beneath the forest boughs,
Or on the shore of ocean was she seen.
The gentle girl no longer wept—but still
She was not with the stranger, out at sea!

## UNE FEMME.

(Translated from the German of Heine by Gérard de Nerval.)

Ils s'aimaient tous deux tendrement ; elle était voleuse, et lui filon. Lorsqu'il commettait quelque coup de main, elle se jetait sur le lit, et riait.

Le jour se passait en joies et en bombances, la nuit elle reposait sur sa poitrine. Lorsqu'on le mena en prison, elle se mit à la fenêtre, et riait.

Il lui écrit : "Oh ! reviens à moi, je soupire après ta presence, je t'appelle du fond du cœur et je languis." Lorsqu' elle reçut la lettre, elle secoua la tête, et riait.

Vers six heures du matin il fut pendu, à sept heures on le jeta dans la fosse ; mais elle, une heure après, buvait du vin rouge, et riait.

## A WOMAN.

(Translated from the French of Gérard de Nerval.)

They loved each other, in joy or grief:
He was a sharper, and she, a thief.
At each new tale of her lover's craft
She fell on her pillow and gaily laughed.

All day, they revelled with mirth and jest;
All night, she slumbered upon his breast.
They dragged him to jail—like a creature daft
She stood at the window and gaily laughed.

He wrote her a letter: "Oh! come to me:
I sigh for thy presence; I pine for thee."
She read each word of the ill-scrawled draft—
Then shook her head and still gaily laughed.

At six, he was hanged in the sight of Heaven—
His body was flung in a ditch, at seven—
And at eight in the morning, his mistress quaffed
A bumper of wine and still gaily laughed.

## A DREAM ABOUT THE ASPEN.

Oh! know ye why the aspen leaves so tremulously sigh
When through the burning summer noon no breeze is heard on high,
When the green canopies that crown the woodlands are at rest,
And gladden faint wayfaring men with shadows calm and blest?

In the dread hour when God's own Son upon the Cross was nailed,
The fierce red splendour of the sun in midnight gloom was veiled,
Earth's bosom heaved, and girt around with darkness deep and still

Men bowed, like frail wind-shaken reeds, before God's
mighty will.
With dim presentiment of woe, each beast concealed
his form,
And shrank within his cavern-home, as though beneath
a storm;
No bird-wing fluttered in the grove, or floated through
the air,
And Nature's heart had ceased to beat, wrung deeply
by despair,
Save that the shrouded trees and flowers still mur-
mured low in thought,
And wailing told of deeds of blood and justice set at
nought,
Of bigot priests and traitor hearts and faith for silver
bought.

The cedar groves on Lebanon a dirge-like music made,
And dark as night athwart the hills was flung their
giant shade;
While softly from a weeping tree, the tree of Babylon,

A voice in lonely whisper sighed, "'Tis finished—He is gone!"
Then deeply down she hung her boughs within Euphrates' stream
And ever dreameth of His death a life-enduring dream.

Calmly beneath the eye of heaven the glowing vineyards slept,
The vintner watched the big bright tears that from the branches wept,
And when the purple clusters dropped and the new wine was prest,
Mindful he named it "Tears of Christ," and still that name is blest.

But soon a vapour round the Mount arose with fraggrant flow,
Breathed from the very soul of Love compassionating Woe,

By the night-blooming violet to cool the burning brain

Of Him whose thorn-encircled brow throbbed wildly in its pain.

Mournfully spake the cypress then, "My branches I will wave

In memory of this awful hour for ever by the grave;"

And through the sultry dimness passed a gently-wafted breath,

As to the Cross an Angel moved, stern messenger of death;

A sad voice groaned: "My God! my God! why hast thou me forsaken?"

And all the trees and flowers with fear and agony were shaken.

The Aspen shook not: she alone, a proud unpitying tree,

Stood tearless, motionless beside the Mount of Calvary,

And thus outspake that haughty one : " What reck
we of thy pain ?
Why should we weep ? We trees and flowers are free
from sinful stain :
Soon will my sisters cease to pine—this hour will soon
be o'er—
A bright epiphany of joy shall beam for evermore."

Then Death's dark Angel took the cup, red with the
Saviour's blood,
And at the cold proud Aspen's root poured forth the
mystic flood,
And spake strange words, and by those words the
miserable tree
Was cursed, and every leaf was doomed a quivering
leaf to be ;
And till that old, old curse be dead, her branches
cannot rest,
But still she feareth, trembleth still, when all is calm
and blest.

Scorn not the tale! Those thoughts were born within
a child-like heart,
E'en as the tears that in our eyes so oft unbidden
start—
Born like the strains that gush from out the forest-
warbler's breast,
That soft or shrill are bird-song still and may not be
represt.
Then scoff not at the simple tale, nor deem the legend
wild,
It was not woven that the ears of men might be be-
guiled,
But that men's eyes might trace the form of Truth in
Fiction's stream
And read a world-old, God-framed law foreshadowed
in a dream.

Slowly 'tis learnt by heart, although by memory
quickly caught—
Faintly 'tis writ in tears upon the tablets of the
thought—

Still, still that law of exile lives—the ban of Heaven above—

That "they who shut Love out shall be in turn shut out from Love."

## A LESSON OF MERCY.

Beneath a palm-tree by a clear cool spring
God's Prophet, Mahomet, lay slumbering,
Till roused by chance, he saw before him stand
A foeman, Durther—scimitar in hand.
The chieftain bade the startled sleeper rise;
And with a flame of triumph in his eyes,
"Who now can save thee, Mahomet?" he cried.
"God," said the Prophet, "God, my friend and guide."
Awe-struck the Arab dropped his naked sword,
Which, grasped by Mahomet, defied its lord:
And, "Who can save thee now thy blade is won?"
Exclaimed the Prophet. Durther answered, "None!"
Then spake the victor: "Though thy hands are red
With guiltless blood unmercifully shed,
I spare thy life, I give thee back thy steel,
Henceforth, compassion for the helpless feel."
And thus the twain, unyielding foes of yore,
Clasped hands in token that their feud was o'er.

## THE EVANGELIST.

(From the French of François Coppée.)

Alone with Peter, Jesus chanced to stray
Near to Gennesaret one summer day,
'Twas noon: the sun was blazing in the sky,
When at a wretched cabin's door hard by,
They saw the widow of a fisherman—
Draped in dark robes, with features pale and wan—
Checking the teardrops (that she fain would weep),
To spin her flax and rock her babe asleep.
Not far away, concealed by fig-trees green
The Master and His friend beheld, unseen.

A poor old man, soon destined for the dead,
Poising an earthen pitcher on his head,
Passed by the hut and spake to her who span;

" Woman! I now am bearing to a man
Who lives in yonder hamlet, distant far
For me so old, the milk within this jar:
But, without aid, I fear me that to-day
I am too weak to earn my scanty pay."

The widow rose, without a word or sigh,
And in a moment laid her distaff by,
Left the babe wailing in her poor abode
And with the beggar's pitcher took the road.

Then Peter murmured, " Master it is true
That good to others all who can should do.
But is she right to leave her child and task,
For the first comer who her aid may ask?
That beggar, doubtless, could have found elsewhere
Some idle passer-by his jar to bear."

But Jesus answered, " Of this truth be sure,
That when the poor take pity on the poor,

My Father guards the cots wherein they dwell :
I trow the fisher's widow hath done well."

When he had borne his witness thus, the Lord
Sat humbly down upon a bench of board :
Then, with blest hands and looks divinely mild,
He plied the distaff and he rocked the child ;
And when at last the infant's eyes were shut,
He signed to Peter and they left the hut.

The widow, tired and heated with the glare,
Came home, and knew an angel had been there :
For, though she failed to guess by whom 'twas done,
Her babe was lulled to rest, her flax was spun!

## THE FLIGHT.

(From the French of Théophile Gautier.)

KADIDJA

The glimmer of the moonbeams pale
Fades in the starless sky;
Secure beneath night's gloomy veil,
Come, let us fly!

AHMED.

Dost dare thy brothers thus deceive,
Nor dread their ruthless ire?
Canst thou for me thus tearless leave
Thy hoary-headed sire?

KADIDJA.

What matters scorn or curse to me?
All dangers I defy!

My soul doth draw its life from thee—
Come, let us fly!

AHMED.

A ghastly sweat bedews my brow—
Forebodingly I feel
In my pierced bosom even now
Their sabres' icy steel.

KADIDJA.

My mare, amidst the desert born,
With winds in speed can vie;
O'er sandy plains and fields of corn,
Come, let us fly!

AHMED.

There is no shade of tent or tree
Within this scorching land;
Where'er I turn my gaze I see
Illimitable sand.

KADIDJA.

Fear not, thy Bride is provident,
When weary, thou shalt lie
Beneath her tresses' dusky tent—
Come, let us fly!

AHMED.

What if we wander from the track,
By false mirage beguiled;
The well's sweet water we shall lack,
And perish in the wild!

KADIDJA.

Mine eyes are filled with tears of bliss:
When every well is dry,
Tears from mine eyelids thou shalt kiss—
Come, let us fly!

## THE KING AND THE PEASANT.

"Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God."—*New Testament.*

Once, at the self-same point of time,
Two mortals passed from earth:
One was a King of caste sublime,
But base the other's birth;
And each had led a stainless life
Amid this sinful planet's strife.

Upward the spirits took their flight
Enfranchised and elate,
Till soon they reached the realms of light
And paused at Eden's gate,
Where, waiting them, with joy they see
The Fisherman of Galilee.

He oped the Gate, one lustrous stone,
And ushered in the King,
While the poor peasant, left alone,
Heard songs of welcoming
And strains of harps, divinely sweet,
Poured forth the Royal Guest to greet.

The music ceased, the Heavenly Guide
Flung back the Gate again
And bade the peasant at his side
Join the seraphic train;
But, strange to say, no Angels sang,
No harps through Heaven symphonious rang!

"O Saint revered!" the peasant cried,
"Why chant no choirs for me
As for yon Monarch in his pride?
Am I less dear than he?
Can aught but equity have birth
Here, in high Heaven, as on the earth?"

"My Son," the Saint replied, "thou art
As dear as kingly clay;
But men like thee, of lowly heart,
Come hither every day—
While Dives at the Gate appears
Once only in a hundred years!"

## DELIVERED.

(From the Swedish of A. A. Grafstrom.)

The night was chilly—home Gunnar sped
With bark from the pine-trees torn:
Fain would he mix it with flour for bread,
But flour there is none in his lowly shed,
In his barn not a grain of corn.

Two pale thin children, with looks of woe,
To welcome their father run:
"Some bread, dear Father, we hunger so,
A crumb or two in thy love bestow."
"God pity you—I have none."

"When Mother was borne on the rude black bier,
And her coffin was downward cast

Into a pit in the churchyard drear,
A loaf you gave us, 'twas wet with a tear,
Say, Father, was that the last?"

"My Children! to-day I can give you nought,
But God will allay your sorrow;
In calm meek trust should His grace be sought,
He will soon send aid of His kind forethought,
Perhaps we will bake to-morrow!"

He snatched his harp from the mossy wall—
What magic is in its strains!
For bread those starved ones no longer call,
And tears from their pale cheeks cease to fall
As the melody soothes their pains.

He turned his face that would else betray
The tokens of anguish deep,
And he played them some music so wildly gay
That the children danced and night wore away,
Till wearied they fell asleep.

Then he prayed by the pallet, whereon the twain
Lay sleeping with tranquil breath:
"Save them, O Friend of the Poor, from pain!"
God listened, they never awoke again,
The Deliverer came—it was Death!

## TO NINON.

(From the French of Alfred de Musset.)

"J'ai entendu vanter, et par de femmes de beaucoup d'esprit, une pièce du recueil de M. Alfred de Musset intitulée ; *A Ninon.* Cette pièce en effet est un chef-d'œuvre de subtilité sentimentale."—*Cuvillier-Fleury Etudes Littéraires.*

If I should dare my passion to reveal,
What would your answer be, blue eyed brunette?
You know what pain Love's victims ever feel;
E'en you your pity cannot all conceal—
Still, you would doubtless make me feel regret.

Were I to say that silent I have pined
Six weary months with all a lover's woe,
Ninon, your careless subtlety of mind
May, like a witch, my secret have divined,
And you, perchance would answer me, "I know."

Were I the pleasing madness to confess
That makes me, shadow-like, your steps pursue,
(A look of sweet incredulous distress
Ninon you know enhances loveliness),
Your lips perchance would murmur, "Is it true?"

Were I to tell you that my tongue can name
Each airy syllable you spoke last night,
(Ninon, you know your glances, when they blame,
Change eyes of azure into eyes of flame),
Your wrath perchance would drive me from your sight.

Were I to tell you that on bended knee
Each night I pray, despairing all the while,
(Ninon, you know that when you smile, a bee
In your red lips a blossom well might see),
Were I to tell you, you perchance would smile.

But I refrain; in silence seated near
Your beauty by the lamplight, I adore—
I breathe your fragrance and your voice I hear,
But you will find no cause to be severe,
Though all my looks you doubtingly explore.

I dwell within a region of romance—
At eve, your songs are all on earth I heed;
Your hands with harmony my soul entrance,
Or in the joyous whirlwind of the dance
I feel your lithe form tremble like a reed.

When envious night has forced me to depart
And all your charms are ravished from my view,
Quick through my brain a thousand memories dart
And like some miser, I unlock my heart,
A treasured casket filled alone for you.

I love—but coldly I can still reply;
I love—the secret I alone can tell;

Sweet is the secret, dear each stifled sigh,
For I have sworn to love, though hopelessly,
Not without bliss—I see you: it is well.

I was not born for happiness supreme,
With you to live and in your arms to die,
E'en my despair to teach me this would seem;
Still, if I told you of my passion's dream,
Who knows, adored one, what you might reply?

## IN FUTURO.

(From the French of Théophile Gautier.)

E'en now, from mountain or from plain,
In France, America or Spain,
A tree is soaring, oak or pine,
Of which some portion shall be mine.

E'en now within her chamber lone
Some wrinkled and decrepit crone
Weaves fair white linen, like a Fate,
To clothe my body soon or late.

E'en now, for me, with sunless toil
Like some blind mole beneath the soil,
A swarthy miner doth explore
Earth's teeming veins for iron ore.

There is some corner of the earth
Where nought but loveliness hath birth,
Where sunbeams drink the tears of morn,
There I shall sleep in days unborn.

That tree which with its foliage now
Doth screen a nest on every bough,
The planks hereafter shall supply
Wherein my coffined bones shall lie.

That linen, which the wrinkled crone
Is weaving in her chamber lone,
Shall form a winding sheet to hold
My lifeless body in its fold.

That iron, burrowed from the soil
By the swart miner's sunless toil,
Transformed to nails, shall tightly close
The chest wherein my limbs repose ;

And in that charming spot on earth
Where nought but loveliness hath birth,
A grave shall yawn, beneath whose sod
My heart shall mingle with the clod.

## THE STORY OF BROTHER PAUL.

(As told to a friend in the Convent-garden.)

(*Suggested by a picture by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A.*)

Dear friend, you question me if I
Am happy, and I thus reply:
How can I be so when my life
Seems an interminable strife
Between a pure, but earthly love,
And voices calling from above?
You start: my words sound strange and wild,
The language of some wayward child,
And so you marvel—I forget,
'Tis six long years since last we met—
You knew me then as Paul D'Estrés,
You find me "Brother Paul" to day,
A pale, worn monk, whose life of woes

Is nearing to a welcome close.
Nay, speak not yet: for though I hate
My tragic story to relate,
Here in this Convent-garden, where
The sunlight streams, the flowers are fair,
And all around seems breathing balm,
As though each restless heart to calm—
Still, I will bare my inmost soul
To you who pity and condole.
No lapse of time can e'er destroy
The hallowed memory of the joy
I felt, when first I gazed upon
The face of Gabrielle Yvonne.
Your subtlest words can scarce express
The magic of her loveliness:
Her guileless eyes and golden hair
Still haunt my vision everywhere,
And in the Convent when I paint
Scenes from the life of some sweet Saint,
Some priceless manuscript to grace,
Each picture but repeats her face.

Our souls were one—we had no thought
But for each other—life was naught
While we were parted, and I swore
Fond vows, still cherished as of yore.
Our homes, before my father died,
Lay closely nestling side by side;
My castle now with all its lands
Has passed forever from my hands,
And, had my pride not met this fall,
I would not here be "Brother Paul."
My father died—his life had been
A course of recklessness and sin,
Since his young wife had passed away—
And for the first time, on the day
When with vain pomp his limbs were laid
Within the ancestral chapel's shade,
I learnt that if our ancient name
Could be redeemed from scorn and shame,
I must at once prepare to roam
A ruined exile from my home.
But worse than all, my Gabrielle's sire

Cursed my wrecked fortunes in his ire,
And sternly bade me ne'er again
Set foot within his broad domain.
Enough—I left my natal place,
But saved our honor from disgrace.
Years passed: where'er my footsteps sped,
My pencil won me fame—and bread—
And in my paintings you can trace
Always the same angelic face,
For earthly maid almost too fair,
With guileless eyes and golden hair,
Far from this cloister—years ago—
A youth whom erst I used to know
Here in loved Normandy, revealed
News he might better have concealed:
"Thy fair-haired Gabrielle is wed—
They lied, and told her thou wast dead!"
I fell beneath this lightning stroke,
And, from my trance when I awoke,
Six months, with raving frenzy rife,
Were cancelled from my weary life.

'Twas then that cankered by despair,
Dazed by the world's remorseless glare
I passed within this Convent wall
To bear the name of "Brother Paul."
And am I happy now, you ask:
Behold me. Do I wear a mask?
I scourge my flesh, I fast, I pray,
But in each moment of each day,
Between myself and Heaven I trace
The shadow of a saintly face,
For earthly maid almost too fair,
With guileless eyes and golden hair.
One eve, my sorrows to allay,
I sought in solitude to pray,
And while I meekly stood before
The sombre Abbey's open door,
I heard some footsteps lightly fall
On the paved walk that skirts the wall,
And as I turned, my glances fell
Upon the face of Gabrielle.
Our eyes but for a moment met

In one sad gaze of fond regret;
Then in dead silence passing on,
The woman that I loved was gone.
Close by her side she led her child,
Whose lips angelically smiled,
While his small hand was reaching nigh
Two butterflies that floated by.
Ah! Who can guess the yearning pain
With which I saw my love again,
Or who can blame me for the sin
Of musing on what might have been?
With a strange thrill of tender joy
I gazed upon the lovely boy,
Till both his mother's self and he
Seemed to belong by right, to me,
And fancy tempted me to deem
The past a false and evil dream.
But reason woke: I passed within
The Abbey's gloom, and strove to win
Christ's pardon for the thoughts that still
Confused my soul against my will.

And now my hapless tale is told,
One vision haunts me as of old—
One image never will depart
Till Death shall hush this throbbing heart,
And, trusting to the love of God,
I sleep at last, beneath the sod!

## GENIUS.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

Woe to the hapless child of clay,
Who, on this cruel earth,
Feels in his lonely soul a ray
That owes to Heaven its birth!
Woe to the wretch! for Envy pale
His noble life will soon assail
With all a vulture's ire,
And maddened by his triumph, tear
This new Prometheus, if he dare
Display celestial fire.

Fame, like some phantom strangely bright,
His ardent gaze beguiles:
He bows before the fatal light
Of her imperious smiles.

So the poor bird in woodland brake
In vain would fly the treacherous snake
And its bewildering eyes;
From branch to branch they lure him still
With fascinating charm, until
He flutters down and dies!

Or if he wins in distant days
The fame for which he bled;
If living he is crowned with bays
That bloom to deck the dead;
Still, still by Ignorance belied,
By Hatred dogged, and spurned by Pride,
With aching heart he sighs:
And oft the victim, wrung by pain,
As victor enters Glory's fame,
Then, at her altar dies!

## A DEAD WOMAN.

(From the French of Alfred De Musset.)

"I know he must have encountered some very harsh, unjust and injurious treatment on the day when he came home resolved to break with this lady for ever. In the mood I have described, he wrote the verses "*Sur une Morte*." The rupture was complete and irremediable. In order to judge whether the writer of those verses was to blame, one should understand the wound which he resented: and no one knows how deep that was."—*Paul de Musset's Life of A. de Musset*, p. 238.

Yes, she was beauteous; if the Night
By Michael's chisel wrought,
A marble monument asleep,
Can beautiful be thought.

And she was good; if goodness be
Devoid of heart and cold;
If Love be shewn by alms alone;
If Charity be gold.

She thought ; if words in dulcet tones,
Significant of nought,
Vague as the murmur of a stream,
Deserve the name of thought.

She prayed ; if prayer it can be called,
To fix two lustrous eyes
Now, meekly downward on the earth,
Now, upward on the skies.

She smiled ; if e'er the virgin bud,
With heart unclosed as yet,
Smiles to the zephyrs of the spring
That pass it—and forget.

She might have wept ; if dews divine,
That soften human clay,
Could ever to her chilly breast
Have found some secret way.

She might have loved ; but scorn and pride
Kept watch about her heart,
Like lamps that o'er a coffined form
Their useless radiance dart.

Now, she who only seemed to live
But had no life, is dead,
And from her hands the book has dropped
In which she never read !

## AN EVENING SCENE.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

Here all is joy and all is light,
The spider, with untiring tread,
Ties to the tulip's turban bright
His circling maze of silvery thread.

The quivering dragon-fly appears,
Proud to behold her round dark eyes
Glassed in the limpid stream, that rears
A world of breathing mysteries.

The full-blown rose, grown young again,
To blushing buds her love avows;
The birds pour forth their evening strain
Of melody from sunlit boughs.

Far in the woods, where silence dwells,
The timid fawn securely dreams ;
'Mid emerald moss with velvet cells,
Like burnished gold the beetle gleams.

Pale as some sweet consumptive maid
Regaining life, the moon doth rise,
Dispelling every cloud or shade
With radiance from her opal eyes.

The wallflower, that to ruin clings,
Now frolics with the wandering bee ;
The furrow feels each germ that springs
'Neath the warm earth, and laughs with glee.

All lives and plays its part with grace ;
The sunbeam on the portal's sill,
The shadow on the water's face,
The blue sky o'er the verdant hill.

Field, glen and forest share the whole
Of Nature's ecstasy and rest :
Fear nothing, Man ! Creation's soul
Knows the whole secret and is blest.

## A SPANISH GIRL'S LAMENT.

(From the French of Théophile Gautier.)

From my white breast a crimson rose
Dropped where yon angry torrent flows,
And vainly from the rushing wave
Love's fragrant gift I strove to save.

O bright-hued blossom, whirling by,
Why didst thou seek the stream to die?
If thy faint leaves were fading; see,
I had these tears to water thee!

## CHRISTMAS.

(From the French of Théophile Gautier.)

The heavens are black, the earth is white;
Ring out, wild joy-bells, to the skies!
Jesus is born; the Virgin bright
Bends o'er Him with enraptured eyes.

Around the mystic infant's head
No fold of slumberous curtain streams;
Only the spider's airy thread
Drops from the stable's dusty beams.

The Baby, nestling in the straw,
Thrills with the cold in every limb;
The ox and ass, in seeming awe,
Kneel down and warmly breathe on Him.

O'er that thatched hovel in the night
Heaven opens, dazzling as the morn,
While bands of Angels, clothed in white,
Sing to the shepherds, "Christ is born."

## MEMORIES.

(From the French of Henri Murger.

Hast thou, Louise, forgotten yet
That nook within the garden old,
Where when the summer sun had set
My hand would oft thy hand enfold?
With beating hearts we sat beneath
The shadows of the willow trees,
Few words escaped our trembling breath;
Dost thou remember still, Louise?

Hast thou, Marie, forgotten yet
The fond exchange of rings we made,
The sun-lit meadows where we met,
The woodlands full of song and shade?
A fount, that musically fell
In marble basin, marks the spot

Where oft we lingered; Marie, tell,
Is that sweet trysting-place forgot?

Christine, hast thou forgotten quite
Our fragrant room with roses gay?
'Twas somewhat near the sky, but bright
On April morns and eves of May,
Those calm clear eves, when planets pale
Seem'd whispering to thee, "Earthly Queen,
Like us, thy beauty's light unveil:"
Dost thou remember still, Christine?

Louise is dead! Poor fond Marie
Is worse alas! than dead, they say:
And pale Christine across the sea
To sunnier climes hath sailed away.
Marie, Louise, Christine, all three,
Though ne'er forgotten, now forget:
Our loves are dead eternally,
And I alone remember yet!

## TIT–FOR–TAT.

(From the French of Dufresnoy.)

Phillis, a venal nymph, delayed
Poor Damon's hopes of bliss ;
Until the love-sick swain had paid
Ten sheep to buy a kiss.

Next day, ashamed to cheat the boy,
She sold her favors cheap ;
And Damon bought, with eager joy,
Ten kisses for a sheep.

Next morning, of her own accord,
Afraid his love to miss,
The sheep to Damon she restored,
Eleven for a kiss.

At eve, half-wild with jealousy,
She gladly would have bought
With all her flock the kiss that he
Gave Rosalind for nought!

## BARCAROLLE.

(From the French of Théophile Gautier.)

"Oh! where, sweet girl,
Shall I pilot thee?
My sails unfurl
And the breeze blows free.

I have ivory oars,
And my flag that soars
Is of crimson watered silk;
While a swan's bright wing
To the mast doth cling
For my sail which is white as milk.

Oh! where, sweet girl,
Shall I pilot thee?

My sails unfurl
And the breeze blows free.

Wilt thou float with me
To the Baltic Sea,
Or the blue Pacific Isles?
Shall we eastward go,
Or where North-winds blow
And the snow-flower sadly smiles?

Oh! where, sweet girl,
Shall I pilot thee?
My sails unfurl
And the breeze blows free."

"Oh! steer, I implore,
To the happy shore
Where lovers constant prove."
"That shore, my dear,
Is unmarked, I fear,
On the chart of the Land of Love."

## SONG.

(From the French of Alfred de Musset.)

Comrades ! in vain ye seek to learn
For whom I burn :
Not for a kingdom would I dare
Her name declare.

But we will chant in chorus still,
If so you will,
That she I love is blonde and sweet
As blades of wheat.

Whate'er her wayward fancies ask
Becomes my task :
Should she my very life demand,
'Tis in her hand.

The pain of passion unrevealed
Can scarce be healed:
Such pain within my heart I bear
To my despair:

Nathless, I love her all too well
Her name to tell,
And I would sooner die than e'er
Her name declare!

## LOVE AND DEATH.

(From the French of Louise Ackermann.)

Yes! the light clay that doth our souls encrust
Shall cease with joy to thrill, with pain to smart:
The winds shall dissipate the noble dust
That formed a human heart.

But other hearts shall still renew the tale
Of hopes that wither and of loves that die.
And tears shall flow and cherished dreams shall fail
Till time no more shall fly.

All beings, forming one eternal chain,
Pass, each to each, the torch of love's desire;
The hands that grasp it, soon, too soon, again
Transmit the sacred fire.

## THE FLOWER AND THE BUTTERFLY.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

Once to the Butterfly a Floweret sighed:
"One moment stay!
Our fates are severed: here on earth I bide,
Thou must away.

Still, we both love: and far from human tread
We pass the hours:
Each like the other, for by man 'tis said
We both are flowers.

Earth chains me down—thy path is in the skies—
O cruel lot!
O'er thee I fain would breathe my perfumed sighs:
They reach thee

Thou rovest far—'mid blossoms fair and sweet
Thy life is glad:
I watch the shadow turning at my feet,
Alone and sad!

Thy form now quivers near, now flits away,
And disappears:
But thou wilt find me at each dawn of day,
All bathed in tears.

If 'tis thy will our love should lasting be,
O truant King!
Like me, take root: or, let me soar, like thee,
On splendid wing."

L'ENVOI A . . . . .

"Roses and Butterflies! in death you meet,
Or soon, or late.
Would not your lives together passed be sweet,
Then, wherefore wait?

Somewhere above the earth, if floating up
Thy pinions soar—
Or in the meads, if there perchance thy cup
Its fragrance pour.

What matters where? Be thou a breath alone,
Or tint of spring:
A radiant Butterfly, or Rose half-blown,
A flower or wing.

To live together! This your fondest aim,
Your vital need!
Chance may be left your future home to name,
The sky—the mead."

## THE ENTREATY.

(From the French of Sully-Prudhomme.)

If you but knew how hard, alas!
I feel my uncompanioned lot,
Before my dwelling you would pass
And bless the spot.

If you but knew how gloomy days
Are brightened by a maiden's glance,
Up to my window you would gaze
As if by chance.

If you but knew what healing balm
Sweet pity on the soul can pour,
Then you would sit, an angel calm,
Beside my door.

If you but knew how deep, how true,
The love that slumbers in my heart—
Once having crossed my threshold, you
Would ne'er depart!

## TO MY OLD COAT.

(From the French of Béranger.)

Wear well, poor coat, that time endears!
Together we are growing old:
My hand has brushed thee ten long years—
Can more of Socrates be told?
If Fate aggressively still tries
Thy patched and threadbare stuff to rend,
Resist—like me, philosophize—
We must not part, my dear old friend!

How fondly I recall the day
When first I wore thee! 'Twas my *fête*
And friends, who hailed my spruce array,
Sang songs thy praise to celebrate.

Thy poor old age of which I boast,
True comrades never can offend,
Oft still myself and thee they toast—
We must not part, my dear old friend!

Have I debased thee with perfume,
That warns when simpering fops are near;
Or, cringing in some anteroom,
Exposed thee to a patron's sneer?
For ribbons that the wise man scorns
All France is eager to contend:
A rose thy buttonhole adorns—
We must not part, my dear old friend!

No longer fear those reckless days,
When kindred destinies were ours,
Days, when we shared the blame and praise,
The joy and sorrow, sun and showers.
My need of tailors I foresee
Is not far distant from an end:
We'll end together—wait for me—
We soon must part, my dear old friend!

## CRUEL SPRING.

(From the French of Béranger.)

Oft at her window from my own
I watched her in the months of frost ;
Each to the other was unknown,
And through the air our kisses crossed.
We peeped the leafless lindens through,
And tracked each other from each pane ;
Vile Spring ! their shade thou dost renew,
Oh ! wherefore wilt thou come again ?

Behind those lindens' leafy screen
That angel's form will soon be lost :
The crumbs no longer will be seen
She flung to robins in the frost.
They called her, and their sport below

Became love's signal for us twain :
Nought seems so beautiful as snow,
O hateful Spring ! why come again ?

Without thee I could see her smile,
When rising with the sun's first ray,
Fresh, as they paint Aurora, while
She opes the curtains of the day.
Without thee, I could say each night,
" My star has ceased awhile to reign ;
She sleeps—her lamp has veiled its light ; "
Vile Spring ! why wilt thou come again ?

'Tis Winter that my prayers implore—
Would that the hailstones' tinkling sound
My ears could hear again once more,
As from the casement they rebound !
Flowers, zephyrs, lengthening days I spurn,
Thine ancient empire I disdain !
For her sweet smiles alone I yearn ;
Vile Spring ! why wilt thou come again ?

## A BALLAD.

(From the French of André Van Hasselt.)

"O restless Swallow! thou whose wings
Skim the gray clouds in sportive rings,
Hast thou beheld my own true knight?"
"Fair Dame! he has not blest my sight."

"Gay Lark! that soarest far on high,
A lessening speck amid the sky,
Say, hast thou marked the form I love?"
"My glance hath aye been turned above."

"Thou Wood! beneath whose leafy dome
Soft murmurs of the summer roam,
Here did my lover chance to stray?"
"No foot hath trod my paths to-day."

"Aerial Crag! on whose dim crest
The eagle strews her careless nest,
Hath horse or horseman met thine eye?"
"No cavalier hath ridden by."

"White foaming Torrent! tell me where
My warrior with the golden hair?
O'er thy dark waters did he leap?"
"Down in their depths he lies asleep!"

## TO THE EVENING STAR.

(From the French of Alfred de Musset.)

Pale Star of Eve, fair Messenger on high
Whose brow gleams softly through the sunset's haze,
From out thine azure palace of the sky
On what beneath thee dost thou bend thy gaze?

The winds are calm—the storm has died away—
The woodlands shiver, dripping still with rain;
The gilded moth, that loves thy tranquil ray,
Flits like a meteor o'er the balmy plain.

What seekest thou while Earth is laid asleep
And to the mountain-tops thy beams descend?
Thy farewell glance that seems to smile and weep
Will soon expire, O melancholy Friend!

To yon green hill thou glidest gentle Star,
A tear of silver on the robe of Night;
The lonely shepherd leading from afar
His flocks and herds doth watch thy waning light;

Deserting Heaven's immeasurable space
'Mid reeds and rushes wilt thou sink to rest,
Or while deep silence broods o'er nature's face,
Drop like a pearl within the water's breast?

O pensive Planet, if thy light must die
And the vast sea must soon thy tresses wet,
Ere thy pale radiance passes from the sky,
Sweet Star of Love, one moment linger yet!

## MADELEINE.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

List, oh! list sweet Madeleine,
Winter now hath fled the plain
That the snow so late o'erspread;
Come, within yon woodland stray,
Whence my vassals haste away
By the wandering bugle led.

Come, methinks, sweet Madeleine,
That the spring, whose breath doth stain
Roses with their blushing dyes,
Shakes, this eve, in fragrant showers
From her robes that teem with flowers,
Blossoms to enchant thine eyes.

Would I were, oh! Madeleine,
But the lamb whose fleeces gain
From thy hands a soft caress:
Would I wear the bird that floats
Through the azure, while the notes
Of thy voice its wanderings bless.

Would I were, oh! Madeleine,
That Recluse, afar from vain
Wordlings in his saintly cell,
To whose ears thou dost betray
All thy petty sins each day,
Sins that virgin lips may tell.

Or, keen-visioned, I would fain
Be the night-moth, Madeleine,
That ere thou dost sink to sleep,
Near thy chamber hovering,
Beats the casement with his wing,
Seeming covetous to peep;

When thy bodice, Madeleine,
With its velvet doth restrain
Now no more thy bosom white,
And thy modesty's excess
Veils thy naked loveliness
From thy very mirror's sight.

If thou willest, Madeleine,
Soon thy dwelling shall contain
Vassals brave and pages fair;
Gorgeous tapestries shall hide
Dull grey arches, else descried
In thy secret shrine for prayer.

If thou willest, Madeleine,
Nevermore shall flowery chain
Wreathe thy hood of rustic girl:
Richly clad as Countess fair
Thou a coronet shalt wear,
Blossoming with sprays of pearl.

If thou willest, Madeleine,
Thou shalt sway yon wide domain
As my Bride and Baroness;
Quit for me thy calm retreat,
Or, if so thou willest, sweet,
I will don a shepherd's dress.

## RONDEAU.

(From the French of Jehan Froissart.)

Come back, sweet friend, too long thou art away,
My heart is pained while thou dost absent stay ;
I yearn for thee each moment of the day,
Come back, sweet friend, too long thou art away.

For till thou comest—wherefore then delay?—
I have not any one to make me gay ;
Come back, sweet friend, too long thou art away,
My heart is pained when thou dost absent stay.

## THE GRAVE AND THE ROSE.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

The Grave said: "Rose, so bright of hue,
What dost thou with the drops of dew
That bathe thy buds each day?"

The Rose replied: "O solemn Grave!
With all that fills thy hungry cave
What doest thou, I pray?

From the sweet tears of morn that roll
Into my heart, the very soul
Of fragrance I distill."

The Grave then answered: "All that lies
Entombed, hereafter shall arise
God's Paradise to fill."

## WAITING FOR HER LOVER.

(From "Les Orientales" of Victor Hugo.)

Climb, Squirrel, climb yon oak on high,
To the topmost twig that seeks the sky,
And sways like a trembling reed!
Thou Stork, that hauntest each olden wall,
From belfry fly to turret tall,
From church to citadel, high o'er all,
Oh! mount on wings of speed!

Old Eagle, from thine eyrie soar,
To yonder mountain white and hoar
With everlasting snow:
And thou, blithe bird, whom in thy nest
No dawn hath ever seen at rest—
Mount, sleepless Lark, at my behest,
And leave earth far below!

And now, from oak that seeks the sky;
From marble spire of tower on high;
From mount or cloudland see
In the dim distance if ye trace
A snow-white plume that floats in space,
A smoking courser's thundering pace—
My lover who hastes to me!

## ROBERT BURNS.

Large hearted minstrel ! from the sphere
  Where now thou dwellest, if thine eyes
Can watch the spell-bound myriads—here—
  Whose lips thy genius eulogize ;
If pain thou feelest now no more,
Thy wayward life's wild battle o'er ;
If tears that at thy memory start
Can touch thy sympathetic heart ;
On this thy birth-day we would fain
Hope—even if the hope be vain—
That thou with tranquil joy may'st see
The loving honours paid to thee,
Thou Laureate of the Poor ! whose song
O'er the charm'd earth shall echo long.

As stars, that garish day concealed,
Shine forth amid the shades of night,
So, thy dark destiny revealed
Each fault and frailty to our sight.
The nightingale, that sings forlorn
With bosom prest against a thorn,
Is type of thee, whose noblest lays
Were hymned in sorrow-clouded days ;
Bard of the vale and stream and grove,
Thou lyric oracle of love !

Genius, by signs that cannot lie,
Flashed in full glory from thine eye.
In thee a hero's ardour burned,
In thee a woman's pity yearned ;
Passion and pathos—fire and tears—
Baptized thy life's few tragic years.
So—in the summer-cloud that lowers
Keen lightning lurks—with gentle showers ;
So—from their depths volcanoes bring
The fire-flood and the healing spring.

Gaze on the Poet's stalwart form
Dilating through the mist and storm.
The whirlwind shrieks—the thunders roll—
They wake fierce echoes in his soul.
Hark! 'Mid the elemental war
He hears the battle's maddening roar;
The tempest loud and louder raves—
He treads on Scottish heroes' graves:
They wake—they rise—past scenes return—
It is the fight of Bannockburn!
He see—he thrills—he glows—
As, battling for the ground they trod,
His phantom brethren—"red-wat shod"
Charge over trampled corse and clod,
Down their Southron foes!
His ardent spirit onward sped
To join the exulting throng—
His banner was the lightning red,
His march, the whirlwind overhead,
And "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled"
His glorious battle-song!

And yet dumb cattle, and the " silly sheep,"
" Smoor'd " in a snow-drift, made this hero weep.
Crushed by his plough, the daisy upward turns
Its dying eye, and wins immortal tears ;
The nest-robbed " mousie," numb with piteous fears—
The " wee " bird " chittering " on a frozen spray,
Hungry and cold on winter's bleakest day—
To all of these the strong man's pity yearns ;
What helpless thing but melts the heart of Burns?

He sang his comrades unrenowned,
Shepherds and tillers of the ground ;
Brave Poverty—inglorious worth—
The guiltless conquerors of earth,
Heroic souls of humblest life,
Stern soldiers in the ceaseless strife
Waged—since this planet's course began—
'Twixt hard necessity and man.
Their lowly joys, their labours dull
The poet's touch made beautiful ;
He deemed nought " common or unclean "—

His spirit sanctified the mean—
And the rude mattock in his hand
Seemed like a sceptre of command!

So—he is loved throughout the earth
Beyond the land that gave him birth;
So—where his youth and manhood toiled,
Undaunted still, though sorely foiled,
Where once he broke the stubborn clod
He reigns supreme—a household god—
And pilgrims venerate the spot
Where stands the Poet's clay-built cot.

In cities—where, 'mid smoke and gloom,
The engine clanks and whirrs the looms;
Where, 'mid a wilderness of bricks,
Grim Toil and Trade their empire fix,
And Want and Affluence, side by side,
Are whirled on traffic's roaring tide;
Where dim, discoloured streams that erst
From mossy springs clear-bubbling burst,

Now, clogged and silent, welter on
With all their light and music gone—
There—by the foundry's furnace glow,
Or black canal—barge-laden, slow—
Among the toiling swarms of men
The Minstrel of the linn and glen,
Hath lays to captivate each ear—
For joy, a laugh—for grief, a tear.
And Burns to them is dearer far
Than Shakespeare's self and Milton are,
Dearer—because there runs some vein
Warm from his heart through every strain.
What though he be no cultured sage
Rich in the lore of classic page—
He tells them that the honest poor
In God's eyes never are obscure—
That rank and riches—blood and birth—
Are but the accidents of earth,
And that a garb of "hodden-grey"
Is not less grand than kings' array,
If he who wears it will and can
Uphold the dignity of man.

And thus—the shepherd on the moor;
The lasses, bleaching on the braes;
The gude-wife, spinning at the door;
The reaper in the noon-tide blaze;
The wayworn hunter on the fell;
The-milk maid in the hazel dell;
The fisher, rocked upon the deep;
The mother, ere her "bairnies" sleep;
Australian herdsmen, as they roam,
And settlers in a "New World" home;
Sailors, amid the Atlantic main,
And soldiers on the Indian plain;
Joyful, or joyless, all in turns
Sing the sweet songs of Robert Burns—
Those miracles of matchless art,
That nestle warmly in each heart!

## ULTIMA SPES MORTUORUM.

(From the French of Henri Murger.)

"Yesterday was '*Le Jour des Morts*,' and a large trade was done in mourning wreaths and *immortelles* destined to be placed upon the tombs of Montmartre, Montparnasse, and Pere-la-Chaise. But of the half a million people who visit the cemeteries, more than half have no better impulse than curiosity. Nor are these funeral visits always made in person; footmen are often despatched in cabs laden with black and yellow garlands, and all these are carefully deposited on the graves."—*Extract from a Paris letter.*

### I.

The bells will ring to-morrow for the day
  Held sacred to the Dead,
And those who slumber in their shrouds of clay
  Will quit their narrow bed.

Then shades invisible to mortal eye,
  Arising from the tomb,
Will flit beneath the sycamores that sigh
  Amid funereal gloom.

Chilled by the breeze those shivering phantoms stray,
While Heaven is dark above,
And still by hope inspirited they say,
" We wait for those we love :

" Their warm true hearts our absence still deplore,
" And soon in dark array,
" A pilgrim band, our cherished friends of yore,
" Above each cross will pray.

" And they will offer to our memory true
" Affection's simple boon :
" Kind hands *immortelles* on each mound will strew,
" That fade alas—so soon !"

## II.

Why from your cerements shake the dust away ?
Why come to tremble 'neath our misty skies ?
What sound disturbed within your beds of clay
The slumberous calm that weighed upon your eyes ?

Shades of the Dead ! ye viewless spectres ! tell—
Why cross the threshold of the earth again ?
What hope ye from this world wherein we dwell,
Since in your grave-clothes still ye hope in vain ?

Ye come, your confidence in man to test,
And ye will carry back into your bed
The sad conviction, bitterly confess'd,
That from oblivion nought can save the Dead.

III.

The *De profundis* pealed its solemn tones,
And the good man of God
Prayed, while the sexton hid your coffined bones
Beneath the hallowed sod ;

Parents and sisters, friends and lovers, all
Whom at the final hour
Your dying lips had kissed, were round the pall
Regretful tears to shower ;

And all, when blessings with your latest breath
To each in turn were given,
While ye were waiting for the call of Death
To wing your flight to Heaven—

All fondly promised, weeping in despair,
That from each faithful heart,
Your memories, sanctified by daily prayer,
Should never more depart!

Come then, to-day—your prison portals ope,
Your resting places leave:
Eternal victims of eternal hope,
Come—wait in vain, till eve!

IV.

The ghosts are flitting restlessly
Beneath the cypress trees:
They list—'tis nothing but the sigh
Of some autumnal breeze:

But still those phantoms list each sound
That breathes the lonely walks around.
Long, but in vain, they wait to hear
The tread of human footstep near,
Then shedding bitter tears of sorrow,
They whisper, "They will come to-morrow."

Lord! Thou well knowest that they will not come,
And that those hapless ghosts will oft return
To seek some simple offering at their tomb,
For which they vainly evermore will yearn:

To Thee the cruel irony is known!
Whatever dies is soon Oblivion's prey,
And tears that answered every dying groan
E'en at the grave are calmly wiped away.

Lord! Thou dost know that o'er the world to day
The love of Self triumphantly doth reign,
That should this curse defer some souls to slay,
Sooner or later they must still be slain.

Lord ! Thou knowest that the human race
  Is sick at heart and weary to the death,
Pursuing Hope in everlasting chase,
  Until we murmur with our dying breath,--

" At last we greet the silence of repose,
  " Blue sky or black—to us it matters not—
" Calmly we slumber, disregarding woes,
  " Expecting nought, for all is now forgot."

And yet, oh mockery ! the rest we crave
  Is still disturbed within our final bed :
Hope, faithless spectre, penetrates the grave
  And, by the living spurned, deludes the dead !

## A MEMENTO.

(Imitated from Théophile Gautier.)

Forbear—if thou hast had thy day—
To smile when chance discovers
The sacred relics stored away
By sentimental lovers.

Frank hoards a golden tress, so bright
That sunshine it eclipses,
And Claude, a ringlet dark as night
And glossy as a gipsy's.

A pearl-grey glove, the smallest size
E'er worn by fairy fingers,
In Cyril's silver casket lies;
Faint perfume round it lingers.

Here is a satin shoe, that might
Have fitted Cinderella ;
And there a rose, now faded quite,
Once borne by Maude or Bella.

But I, I never dared to thieve
Glove, ringlet, rose, or slipper ;
No Phœnix ever gave me leave
Of e'en a plume to strip her.

My treasure like a glow-worm's spark,
Seen dimly through a vapour,
Is one large tear, pure water-mark,
Upon a sheet of paper.

From eyes of blue it fell, like dew
From heaven's azure palace,
A priceless gem of pearly hue
That melted in love's chalice.

This tear, pathetic and divine,
Here sorrowfully sleeping,
Dropped o'er a tender song of mine
From eyes unused to weeping.

## THE TERRORS OF DEATH.

WRITTEN ON THE WALLS OF A CARTHUSIAN MONASTERY.

(From the French of Théophile Gautier.)

Thou who dost pace this cloistered hall,
Reflect on death! Thou canst not know
If e'er again thy form shall throw
Its changeful shadow on the wall.

It may be that these very stones
Which thou, regardless of the dead,
To-day with sandall'd foot dost tread,
Shall press to-morrow on thy bones.

Life, like a frail, thin plank, conceals
Eternity's abyss profound:
A gulf yawns suddenly around,
The panic-stricken sinner reels:

The earth recedes on which he trod,
What finds he now? Heaven blue and calm,
Or Hell's red blaze? The victor's palm,
Or torment? Lucifer or God?

Oh! ponder well the thought of dread!
And let thy prescient spirit view
Thyself, as with cadaverous hue,
Thou liest stretched upon a bed,

Betwixt two sheets, whereof the one
Shall form the shroud to wrap thy clay,
Sad raiment all must wear some day,
Albeit coveted by none!

By fever parched or numbed by cold,
Writhing like green wood in the fire,
While inarticulate words expire
Upon thy lips—thyself behold!

Thou pantest, like a stag at bay;
Death rattles hoarsely in thy throat,
Foreboding with sepulchral note
The soul's desertion of the clay;

Dark-vestured priests in silence steal
Within thy room, with oil and pix,
And bearing each a crucifix,
Around thy lowly pallet kneel.

Behold too praying for thy soul
Thy wife and children, loved so well!
The ringer of the passing-bell
Hangs on the rope thy knell to toll.

The sexton hollows with his spade
A narrow bed thy bones to hold,
And soon the fresh brown crumbling mould
Shall fill the pit where thou art laid.

Thy flesh so delicate and fair,
Shall serve the charnel-worms to feed,
And brightly tint each flower and weed
Upon thy grave with verdure rare.

Fit then, thy soul that hour to meet
When thou shalt draw thy latest breath!
My brother! bitter is the death
Of him whose life hath been too sweet!

## THE SWISS DESERTER.

In Strasbourg's fortress old and strong,
Began this sore mischance of mine:
I heard an Alpine horn prolong
Its echoes from across the Rhine.
I heard—I plunged—and strove to gain
My native shore, alas! in vain.

'Twas at the darkest hour of night
When I, the homesick boy, was caught,
And with my arms both pinioned tight
Before the unpitying Captain brought.
My mates had dragged me from the wave,
And nought, O God, my life can save.

To-morrow—at the hour of ten—
Before the regiment I must stand,
And humbly ask their pardon then,
Obedient to the Chief's command :
Doomed for my crime without delay,
The penalty of Death to pay.

Comrades ! ye see me, be it known,
For the last time on earth to-day :
'Twas the young herdsman who alone
Caused that my life must pass away ;
His Alpine horn bewitched my youth
To yearn for home—God knows the truth.

Ye three, that armed with rifles stand,
Loved comrades ! hear my last desire—
See that ye lift no trembling hand,
Aim true together, when ye fire :
Straight let each bullet pierce my heart,
I ask this only ere we part.

O Lord! who art the King of Heaven,
Draw my poor soul to Thee on high:
May all my frailties be forgiven
By Thy great mercy ere I die.
Hereafter, let me dwell with Thee,
O Lord, my God, remember me!

## THE GRANDMOTHER.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

"Dear Mother of our Mother! dost thou sleep?
Thy voice was wont to murmur many a tone
Of rapt devotion e'en in slumber deep:
Breathless, this eve thou liest here alone,
With lips all motionless, a form of stone.

Why on thy bosom droops thy wrinkled brow?
What have we done to cause that seeming ire?
The lamp burns dim, the ashes glimmer low,
And shouldst thou answer not, the smould'ring fire,
The lamp, and we thy two, will all expire!

By the dim lamp thy children soon will die,
And thou, by slumber's spell no more opprest,

Wilt call on those who may not hear thy cry:
And thou long-time wilt fold us to thy breast,
And strive with prayer, to stir us from our rest.

In our warm hands thy chilly fingers place;
Sing lays of Troubadours, dead long ago,
Of warriors, aided by the Fairy race,
Who chanted Love amid the battle's glow,
And decked their brides with trophies from the foe.

Tell us the signs that scatter ghosts in flight—
What hermit viewed Hell's swift-careering Lord—
Tell of the Gnome-king's rubies sparkling bright,
And if the psalms of Turpin are abhorr'd
By the black demon, more than Roland's sword.

Show us thy Bible, filled with pictures fair,
Saints robed in white, who guard each hamlet low,
Virgins, with golden glories round their hair—
Or, read the pages, where we long to know
Each mystic word that breathes to God our woe.

Soon from all light thy children will be shut—
Round the black hearth the frolic shadows dance,
And airy shapes may steal within the hut:
Thou frightest us—thy love is changed, perchance—
Oh! cease thy prayer, awaken from thy trance!

Unseal those eyes—Oh! God, thine arms are cold!
Oft hast thou told us of the glorious sky,
Of the damp grave, and life that waxeth old,
And oft of death—what is it then to die?
Tell us, dear Mother: thou dost not reply!"

With plaintive voices long they wailed alone—
The sleeper woke not when the morning shone.
The death-bell, slowly tolling, seemed to grieve,
And through the door, a passer-by at eve
By the still couch and pictured Bible sees
Two little children praying on their knees.

## THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

"Warm greeting to the lovely bride,
*La belle Imperatrice!*"
Enraptured Paris gaily cried
In golden days of peace;
So sweet a spell o'er old and young
The Spanish siren's beauty flung.

And thus, by virtue of an old
Strange usage that survived,
The loyal city proffered gold
From rich and poor derived—
Six hundred thousand franes—to deck
With diamond chain her stately neck.

Owners of faultless gems unite
To wreathe with subtle skill
A carcanet of quivering light,
That seemed with life to thrill;
And all were eager that the bride
Should don the lustrous gift with pride.

"Nay!" said the Empress, "it were shame
That I this wealth should bear
Stored in a necklace, while the claim
Of Want is everywhere;
Build me a Home, wherein may dwell
The city waifs I love so well."

Amid the busy Paris ways
That Home we still may see,
Where now four hundred maidens raise
Their prayers for Eugenie—
Trained in a calm pure life each day,
By saintly *Sœurs de Charité*.

The Empress mourns a murdered son
With grief that cannot die,
But through her daughters she has won
A blessing from on high;
No diamond necklace worn on earth,
Those living jewels can be worth.

## THE REDBREAST.

[A Legend of Britany.]

When Jesus meekly passed to death
And bore the cursed rood,
With faltering limbs and failing breath,
And brow bedewed with blood;

A small bird hovering in the air
Flew down and strove, in vain,
With feeble strength, but pious care,
To soothe the Saviour's pain.

The only thorn its love could wrest
From out His ruthless crown,
Pierced sharply through its gentle breast
And crimsoned all the down.

Ages have passed : but since that deed,
The bird with crimson breast—
Oh ! sweetly superstitious creed —
Is loved by man the best.

## THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

(From the French of Jean Reboul.)

An angel watched with radiant face
A cradled infant's dream,
Seeming his own bright form to trace
As in some crystal stream.

"Sweet image of myself," he cried,
"Fair cherub come with me;
Far we will journey side by side,
Earth is no home for thee.

Here, bliss is mixed with base alloy
Pain pleasure underlies;
Grief echoes in each tone of joy,
And rapture has its sighs.

Fear at each banquet sits a guest,
Earth's calmest Sabbath fails
To pledge the future, or arrest
To-morrow's raging gales.

Say then, shall gloomy woes and fears
To vex thy soul arise?
Oh! must the bitterness of tears
Bedim thine azure eyes?

No! Through the fields of space with me
Thy soul may soar content:
God claims no more those days from thee,
Thou should'st on earth have spent.

But let no sable robes by pale
And weeping friends be worn;
Death's hour as gladly they should hail,
As that when thou wast born.

Pain for thy loss should leave no scar,
Thy doom should cloud no brow:
The last day is the fairest far
To beings pure as thou."

The seraph spake; and then, with white
Resplendent wings outspread,
To realms eternal took his flight:
Mother—thy son was dead!

## WHAT THE SWALLOWS SAY.

(From the French of Théophile Gautier.)

Dry leaves drop silently and cover
  The turf no longer fresh and green:
Fair weather now alas! is over,
  The breeze at morn and eve is keen.

But ere the Autumn days are ended,
  Earth's latest treasures charm the sight;
The dahlia's full cockade is splendid,
  The marigold is flaming bright.

In bubbling drops the rain is beating
  On every fountain, while on high
The swallows hold a monster meeting
  To prate of winter now so nigh.

By hundreds they have flocked together,
Concerting plans to flee the cold:
One says "'Tis always charming weather
At Athens, on the rampart old.

There, on the Parthenon I've wintered
For many a year in peaceful rest,
And where a canon-ball has splintered
A pillar's frieze, I make my nest."

Another cries "I hang my chamber
Within a Turkish Café's walls,
Where Hadjis count their beads of amber,
And sunshine o'er the threshold falls:

I come—I go—I find no trouble
'Mid Latakia's vapours white,
And while the long narghilehs bubble,
I skim gay turbans in my flight."

A third " In Baalbec's temple splendid
A triglyph yields me shelter warm ;
There, lightly by my claws suspended,
I screen my gaping chicks from harm."

A fourth : " In future my address is
Rhodes, once with knightly warriors fill'd ;
Beneath a capital's recesses
On some black column I shall build."

A fifth one twitters : " I am fearful
Age won't permit me far to fly ;
Still, Malta's terraces are cheerful
Between blue water and blue sky."

A sixth : " For me the land of Pharaoh !
I'll paste an ornament with loam
High on a minaret of Cairo,
And thus secure my winter-home."

The last one : "Soon I shall be flitting
Above the Second Cataract ;
A granite monarch there is sitting,
For swallows' nests expressly crack'd."

Then all exclaim : "With tireless motion
To-morrow we shall voyage o'er
Brown plains, white peaks, and purple ocean
Whose foaming billows fringe the shore."

With quick shrill cries and wings a-flutter
On the tall roofs and narrow eaves,
Such is the talk the swallows utter,
Scared by the Autumn's reddening leaves.

I can interpret all their prattle ;
Each poet is a bird of light,
Though like a captive, doomed to battle
With powers unseen that check his flight.

Then, " Oh ! for pinions, airy pinions,"
As Rückert's charming verses sing,
To rove each year o'er earth's dominions
With swallows to eternal spring !

## AN APPEAL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Deaf! Not a murmur or a loving word
Can ever reach his ear. The raging sea,
The pealing thunder and the cannon's roar
To him are silent—silent as the grave.
Not quite; for, ever when God takes away,
He gives in other shape. The tramp of feet,
The crash of falling things, the waves of sound
Strike on a deaf man's feelings with a force
To us unknown. Vibrations of the air
Play through his frame on sympathetic nerves,
Like fine-strung instruments of varied tone.

Dumb! Not a murmur or a loving word
Can ever pass his lips. The cry of rage,
The voice of friendship and the vows of love
Freeze on his tongue, so impotent of sound.

But deem not that intelligence is null
In that doomed mortal. Gaze upon his eye—
A speaking eye—an eye that seems to hear
E'en by observing, and that gathers more
From flickering lights and shadows of a face
Than duller minds can gain from spoken words.

The age of miracles hath past; but man
Can summon art and science to his aid,
And cause the faculties of sight and touch
To act imperfectly for speech and ear.

The deaf-mute seems by Nature formed to be
A delicate artificer, and skilled
In subtle operations of the hand;
He can be taught to read, and thus to learn
The story of the Present and the Past,
Or by quick signs to share his inmost thoughts
Chiefly with those for whom he yearneth most,
His fellow-sufferers! Nay, it sometimes haps

That men, like Kitto, reft of senses twain,
Have by their lore electrified the world
And won the crown of literary fame.

Spare not your gifts, ye wealthy of the land,
To these afflicted brethren. Ye to whom
Heaven grants that sweetest of all blessings, health,
And the keen joys of each corporeal sense,
Aid those to whom these blessing are denied,
And shed some sunshine o'er their gloomy lives.
Let us all tread, as closely as we can,
In the blest footprints of that Holy One
Who went about forever doing good,
Making the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear.

## PEPITA.

(From the French of Alfred de Musset.)

Your mother, at the hour of rest,
Has kissed your cheek so fair,
And by the lamp-light, half-undrest,
You bow your head in prayer:

But ere the restless soul in sleep
Finds solace for the night,
When with your hair unbound, you peep
Beneath the bed in fright:

When by sweet slumber's spell beguiled,
The house to rest is sinking,
O Pépita, my charming child,
Of what, dear, are you thinking?

Who knows? perhaps of some romance
Perfumed with Love and Youth—
Of Hope's gay visions that entrance,
Until dispelled by Truth;

Perchance of mountains in the moon,
That oft give birth to mice—
Of hearts you mean to conquer soon—
Of bon-bons and of spice.

Perhaps, of school-girl friends whose chat
With sentiment is fraught—
Of waltzing and your last new hat—
Perhaps, of me—or naught!

## "THE PITY OF IT."

'T is the old, old tale once more:
Will it ever vainly plead?
It tells how a simple country flower
Became a city weed.

The lamps are lit in the street,
And among the crowds that roam
To and fro with untiring feet,
There is one who has now no home.

Hungry and wet and cold,
With feeble and failing breath,
A girl scarce eighteen summers old
Wearily prays for death!

Guileless, and oh ! too fair,
A few short weeks ago
She lived as pure as her village air,
Or Heaven's unsullied snow.

But one who was foul within
Gazed on her fair young face,
Till passion prompted a shameful sin—
A stainless maid's disgrace.

Alas ! she was fond and young,
And her heart could not believe
That the burning vows on which she hung
Were sworn but to deceive.

Why should we here repeat
The story of palled desire?
She fell—forsaken—to roam the street
With heart and brain on fire.

She loathes the light of the world,
For he, whom she will not name,
The one she loved, was the one who hurled
His victim down to shame.

Where is that craven hound?
If her fate he chance to read,
Unless all pity in guilt is drowned,
Surely his heart must bleed!

There is One who is Judge Above:
But the World is seldom just—
A woman sins through unselfish love,
Man through his selfish lust!

## THE FAVORITE SULTANA.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

Some gentle victims let me save,
  Fair Jewess from thy ban!
Oh! cease so many lives to crave:
Why must his axe the headsman wave
  If thou but wave thy fan?

Away with frowns, young mistress mine:
  My band of beauty spare!
Queen and Sultana, power is thine,
Show mercy, nor to death consign,
  Each night some rival fair.

Thou comest, at that thought of woe,
  All loving to my knee,

And ever at the feast I know,
When thy fond glances fonder grow,
Those looks some death decree.

Soft are thy tones, but jealousy
Within thy bosom glows:
With thee no other spouse can vie,
Then wherefore must each blossom die
To please one envious rose?

Thine am I: heed not, in my arms
When clasped thy beauty lies,
That while one flame each bosom warms,
A hundred damsels guard their charms
For me with burning sighs.

Leave them within their chambers lone
For half thy bliss to pine—
Let them, like waves, pass by, unknown—
Thine is my sceptre, thine my throne—
My very life is thine!

For thee with slaves my Empire teems,
For thee from out the deep
Stamboul with spires unnumbered gleams,
And cradled on the billow, seems
Some mighty fleet asleep.

For thee my Spahis' splendid show
To battle swiftly pours
One long-drawn, crimson-turbaned row,
Each o'er his mare's neck bending low,
Like a seaman at his oars.

Erzeroum, for highways far renowned,
Bassora, Cyprus famed,
Fez, where rich golden dust is found,
Mosul, where merchant-kings abound,
These are thy dower proclaimed.

Thine too, is Smyrna, that the deep
Doth fringe with silvery foam:

The Ganges flood, where widows weep,
And Danube's five swift streams that leap
Down to their ocean home.

Do Damanhour's pale lilies raise
Thine ire, or Gecian child?
Or negro girl, with eyes ablaze,
Who instinct, tigress-like, obeys,
And loves with frenzy wild?

Deemst thou for ebon breast I care,
Or forehead white as day?
Thy charms are neither dark nor fair,
But still methinks, some sunbeam rare
Hath gilt thee with its ray.

No longer, then the tempest call
Upon these blossoms here:
Enjoy in peace thy triumphs all,

But claim not that a head should fall
With every falling tear.

Beneath cool plane-trees, watch the wave
That Zephyr gently curls—
In baths of sweetest perfumes lave—
A Sultan must Sultanas have,
The ataghan, its pearls!

## GONDOLIED.

Kiss the red lips of thy mistress to-day,
To-morrow, who knows? thou mayst sleep with the dead.
Love, while the heart in thy bosom is gay,
Love, while thy blood is a flame that is red.
Grey hairs they say, are the pale flowers of death;
Blood turns to ice, or but sluggishly flows;
Time the remorseless, will soon with his breath
Quench the wild fire that exultingly glows.
Into my gondola step from the shore,
Under its roof we are free from alarms;
Veiled are the windows and closed is the door—
Nobody sees thee, my love, in my arms.
Nobody watches our infinite bliss,
Gently we rock on the waters that heave;

Like the fond wavelets we toy and we kiss,
Mingling caresses this midsummer eve.
Love then, while youth thrilling passion inspires,
Age soon with snow will extinguish its fires!

## THE STRANGER.

(From the French of Madame Emile de Girardin.)

He passed from vision like a cloud,
Or wave that onward sweeps;
My heart that once was cold and proud
His image keeps.

One keen but fascinating glance
Enthralled my spell-bound eyes,
And since that moment of romance
Life's breath I prize.

Too daring and too rapturous
My self-communings seem;
I love him and to love him thus
Is joy supreme.

And yet in lonely hours, alas!
Mine eyes with tears are dim
To think my youthful years may pass
Apart from him.

He was the soul of which I dreamed,
For which I vainly pine;
The long-sought sister-soul that seemed
The twin of mine.

And I had found it—oh, my heart!
Thy throbbings I must quell;
'Tis hard from all we love to part
And cry, "Farewell."

But still, if pitying Heaven will deign
To aid us from above,
Hereafter, I shall meet again
My only love.

One moment let me hear him sigh
And feel his fond caress ;
E'en were I doomed that hour to die
From joy's excess !

## THE OLD YEAR.

Good night, Old Year, good night!
The calm pale moon is watching in the sky,
The stars look down unutterably bright,
Each like a seraph's eye;
They mourn thee not; they will not veil their fire,
For they have seen six thousand years expire!

Good night, Old Year, good night!
I feel like one who weeps beside a bed,
Knowing full surely that the morrow's light
Will find his comrade dead!
His comrade dead! Oh, solemn words of fate,
E'en at their sound the heart sinks desolate!

Good night, Old Year, good night!
The moaning winds thy requiem murmur low,
And like a corpse arrayed in garments white,
Thou liest draped in snow;
And thy young heir, when scarce thy breath hath flown,
Will gallop up to seize upon his own.

Good night, Old Year, good night!
We knew that thou must die; the hectic flush
That tinged thy cheek in Autumn like a blight,
Told of Death's coming hush,
And musing mournfully, from day to day
We watched the languid progress of decay.

Good night, Old Year, good night!
We bless thee for the blessings that thy hand
Hath scattered freely, as the sun doth light,
O'er each too thankless land;
If sometimes we have murmured at our lot—
Old Year, we pray, oh! record it not!

Good night, Old Year, good night!
Think how we strove the tempter to repel,
Think of our aspirations for the right,
And if alas! we fell,
Recall those words the Holy One did speak,
The Soul is willing but the Flesh is weak!

Good night, Old Year, good night!
trow that no man liveth on the Earth,
Who as thy spirit calmly takes its flight,
Would vent discordant mirth;
For 'tis a solemn thing, while tolls the knell,
To bid the year eternally "Farewell!"

Good night, Old Year, good night!
To some thou wast Ambassador of woe,
For with thee stalked the Phantom Death, to smite
Their loved ones like a foe;
Let such not curse thee, they should kiss the rod,
For thou wast but the messenger of God.

Good night, Old Year, good night!
Mourners whose grief is bitter to endure,
Should hail with joy thy Heavenward tending flight;
For if their Faith be sure,
Each moment wafts them nearer to that shore
Where death and tears and parting are no more.

Good night, Old Year, good night!
Thy Son, the New Year, waiteth at the door
And in his hand rich gifts he graspeth tight,
Three hundred and three-score;
Let us all greet him blithely as a friend,
And wait God's will with patience till the end.

## THE HOROSCOPE.

(From the French of François Coppée.)

Two sisters there, whose arms were interlaced,
  Stood to consult a fortune-telling hag :
While she with wrinkled fingers slowly placed
  The fatal cards upon an outspread rag.

Brunette and blonde, both fresh as morning's hour,
  A poppy brown, a white anemone ;
One like a May bud, one an Autumn flower,
  Both yearned alike their destiny to see.

" Sorrow, alas ! my child, thy life must fill,"
  The old witch murmured to the proud brunette :
The girl enquired, " But will he love me still?"
  " Yes." " Then I care not—life is happy yet."

"Thou wilt not own thy lover's heart, sweet maid!"

This to the second sister, white as snow:

"But shall I love him?" tearfully she said.

"Yes." "That is bliss enough for me to know."

## THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

Once on a time a memorable race
Between a tortoise and a hare took place.
At the word, "Go," Puss started like the wind,
And left her rival hopelessly behind:
But soon reflecting that she scarce could lose,
She sank to earth and coolly took a snooze.
Meanwhile, the tortoise slowly plodded on,
Till, inch by inch, the goal was almost won.
Just then, the hare leaped lightly from her bed,
And saw the reptile crawling—far ahead:
Scared by the sight, with all her speed and strength
She galloped in a winner by a length!
"Bravo!" cried Puss, "My victory serves to show
"The race is not gained—always—by the slow."

## A LETTER TO THE DEAD.

(To the Memory of my Friend Jacques des Brosses, Sculptor.)

(From the French of Henri Murger.)

The sky, poor friend, was dark with wintry clouds,
When the cold grave was dug that now enshrouds
Thy limbs in its embrace!
Then, knowing I had neither home nor bread,
"Share both with me," thy noble brother said,
And so—I fill thy place.

Since thou didst leave us in our lonely woe,
We live the life that thou so well dost know,
A life of toil and gloom;
And when we think that thou art yet asleep,
We ask each other, "Ought we now to weep,
Or envy him his doom?"

And then we seem to hear a spirit call,
In tones like thine, "If I, the first of all,
Left my best work undone,
My marble Angel, smiling, white and grand;
'Twas Death that snatched the chisel from my hand,
Life's toils I did not shun.

Drudge, writhe and weep; but brothers! still live on:
E'en more than you I suffer—I am gone—
'Tis I who envy you!
For you, though oft your labour hopeless seems,
Are left on earth to formulate your dreams
For aftertimes to view.

Toil on then, toil! Hereafter you can rest
Beneath the yew-tree in the earth's kind breast,
And fame shall guard your tomb;
But I, alas! eternally am dead,
My hopes of glory are forever fled,
Oblivion is my doom!"

The voice that speaks is thine; and long ago
The same clear accents roused and thrilled us so,
That with vain-glorious vows,
While the hot blood was bounding through each vein,
We clapped our hands and cried: "We too, will gain
Our golden laurel boughs."

We hearken still, because the voice is thine,
But glow no more with ecstasy divine—
Nought stirs our stagnant life:
Our lust for fame, our mad ambition fails,
We hear no more the deafening shout that hails
A victor in the strife.

We hoped at times that our creative powers
Might proudly realize those dreams of ours
In colour, form or song;
But inspiration died and no one guess'd
The glorious poems, felt but unexpress'd,
O'er which we brooded long.

Oh ! since we lack the vigour to create,
Why should we struggle and expose our fate
To taunts that scorn inspires !
Self-worship blinded us, we played our part,
'Tis finished ! Sadly we abandon Art
To those whom genius fires.

And now our feet must tread frequented roads,
Our arms must shoulder unaccustomed loads
To earn our bread each day,
Till the end comes—the welcome hour when both
Shall sleep beside thee, Brother, nothing loth—
Oblivion's willing prey !

## CUPID'S METAMORPHOSES.

In days of old, when father Jove
  Was pierced by Cupid's dart of flame,
He sternly frowned, and smiling Love
  A flirting butterfly became.

Changed to light wings of tender blue
  His tiny arms grew quickly less ;
His darts were down of sunny hue,
  And gleamed in golden loveliness.

The urchin, now disarmed, no more
  With love's sweet pains young hearts can fill,
But flits, while Pleasure strays before,
  From flower to flower in rapture still.

And yet the insect beau was sad
In fragrant vale and fairy bower:
Remembrance of the past forbad
Enjoyment of the present hour.

Then, touched with pity for the boy,
Jove softly said, "Dear babe, be free;
Thy wanton sports again enjoy,
But never try those tricks on me!"

Love changed, and to his quiver clings
Each shaft as once in olden time;
But still he keeps his radiant wings
In memory of his former crime.

And roving like a butterfly,
He trifles since that fatal day,
One moment breathes an earnest sigh,
The next, flies gaily far away.

## GONE.

IN MEMORIAM E. L. D., AGED 18.

God's smile is streaming o'er the earth
  Upon this golden day;
Life revels in delicious mirth—
  It is the month of May.

Dear England's blossoms now are bright,
  Sweet song-birds carol free,
And every sound and every sight
  Breathes blissful ecstasy

The air is filled with happy things,
  That haunt the busy calm,
And stir with rainbow-tinted wings
  An atmosphere of balm.

Alas! to her whose spirit mourns
A flower-like daughter's doom,
Plucked though she be from earth's sharp thorns
In Paradise to bloom,

Each scene, with joy and beauty rife,
Glares forth, a senseless show,
This prodigality of life
Seems but to mock at woe.

I marvel not—May's sunlight shone
Upon the natal day
Of guileless Emma, who hath gone
Where beams a purer ray.

And now it seemeth passing sad,
When earth with flowers is spread,
To keep, while Nature's face is glad,
The birth-day of the dead.

We cannot choose but weep that she,
Who sleeps beneath the mould,
Bird, blossom, butterfly and bee,
Shall never more behold.

That while a myriad lives are born
Each hour from every clod,
One life, which left fond hearts forlorn,
Lies mingled with the sod.

I too, three thousand miles away,
Beneath Canadian skies,
Muse sadly in this laughing May,
And tears are in my eyes ;

For she, whose memory we mourn,
To our imagining
Seemed, like the month when she was born,
The very Queen of Spring.

Fresh, joyous, innocent and fair,
She danced before the sight,
With sweet, unconscious, winning air
That shed abroad delight.

Kind deeds, the pledge of loving will,
Were native to her choice,
And gentle words seemed gentler still
When uttered by her voice.

With mournful joy I call to mind
How oft my simple lays
Acceptance in her eyes would find,
And win endearing praise.

That voice is hushed ; but till the breath
That warms our clay, shall cease,
Lone musings on her life and death
Shall bring us dreams of peace.

Like some faint breeze in summer's heat,
She faded to repose,
Or like the echo, dim and sweet,
Of music's dying close.

So calmly, that ye scarce could know
Life's tide had ceased to creep,
The Angel Death, resembled so
His Angel-brother Sleep.

The silver cord was softly riven
That bound her down to earth;
Immortals hailed with joy in Heaven,
A mortal's second birth.

No longer then, fond mother, weep.
Remember in thy pain,
"God giveth His Beloved sleep,"
Thy loss hath been her gain.

Think only of that hour of bliss,
When, life's poor drama played,
Thine arms shall clasp, thy lips shall kiss,
A radiant Angel-maid.

## A WISH.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

If I were a leaflet, whirled
  By the eddying wind on high,
Which floats on the rolling wave
  Pursued by the dreaming eye.

Fresh-torn from my parent stem,
  I would joyously yield my will
To the Zephyr that blows from the West,
  And the Eastward flowing rill.

Beyond the swift river's roar
  And the gloom of yon woodland vast,
Beyond the deep-mountain gorge,
  I would speed on the rushing blast.

Beyond the she-wolf's dark cave,
The woods were the ring-doves moan,
And the plains were the pilgrim finds
Three palms and a fount of stone;

Past highlands which pour the rage
Of tempests over the corn,
Past the dismal lake o'erhung
By brambles tangled and torn;

Past the barren lands of the Moor,
That Chief with the poniard bright,
Whose brow has more wrinkles far
Than the sea on a stormy night;

I would bound with an arrow's speed
Over Arta's mirror blue,
And the mountain whose summit hides
Two towns from each other's view.

But at Mykos, the square-built town,
With its cupolas gay and bright,
Constrained by a magic charm
I would halt at the dawn of light.

I would fly to the good priest's home,
Where his daughter, a dark-eyed maid,
At morn in her chamber sings,
At eve in the portal's shade.

At length, a poor wandering leaf,
Obtaining my earnest prayer,
I would light on her forehead and blend
With the curls of her auburn hair.

Like a parrot with nimble feet,
'Mid the yellow corn I would be,
Or like fruit in a fairy bower,
Green fruit on a golden tree.

Did I rest but a moment's space
On her bending head, I vow
I would feel more pride than the dazzling gem
On a Sultan's starry brow!

## NATALE SOLUM.

When God had traced creation's plan,—
From North and South, from East and West
He gathered clay to fashion man,
His latest work, and best.

And this was done, that man who strays
O'er every zone that belts the earth,
Might tread, throughout his length of days,
The soil that gave him birth :

And that, where'er he chanced to die,
Or North or South, or East or West,
Earth, with a mother's love, might cry,
"Child ! in my bosom rest ! "

## SONG.

(From the French of Henri Murger.)

Rosy mouth and velvet lips
  Half-unclosed as if for song—
Rose, the merry-hearted, trips
  Lightly as a bird along.
Watch her—she is bending down
  Plucking from the yellow corn
Blue-eyed blossoms for a crown,
  Fit her beauty to adorn.

See ! her tresses float afar
  On the air in golden rings
At the hour when twilight's star
  Herdsmen to the hamlet brings.

Rose, whose heart is beating quick,
As she strays the meadows through,
Petals from a flower doth pick,
Fain to learn if love be true.

Blossoms, woven for a crown—
While the Summer sweetly smells,
Daisy petals, drooping down,
Love's mysterious oracles,
All will quickly fade and naught
Rose, will soon be left for thee,
But the withered flowerets brought
From the fields of memory.

## ROSETTE.

(From the French of Béranger.)

Unmindful of your blooming youth
Why talk of love to me, forsooth,
To me, whose ardour disappears,
Chilled by the frosts of forty years ?
A pretty face of old, I vow,
Sufficed to fire my heart, but now—
I cannot love you, I regret,
As once, long since, I loved Rosette.

Whirled in a carriage you display
A brilliant toilet, day by day :
Rosette, arrayed in simple white,
Smiled as she tripped with footstep light :

And though her quick coquettish eye
Provoked the gaze of passers-by—
I cannot love you, I regret,
As once, long since, I loved Rosette.

In this boudoir with satin hung
Your smiles are back from mirrors flung;
Rosette could boast one glass alone—
To me it seemed the Graces' own.
No curtains veiled her sleep by night,
The daybreak woke her with its light;
Ah! wherefore can I love no more,
As once I loved Rosette of yore?

Your wit that sparkles, well may claim
A more than momentary fame;
Without a blush I own, Rosette
Could scarcely read the alphabet.
When words to tell her thoughts were weak,
Love's silent language she would speak;
Ah! wherefore can I love no more
As once I loved Rosette of yore?

What, though her charms than yours were less,
What, though she lacked your tenderness ;
What, though she turned a glance less sweet
Than yours on lovers at her feet ?
She had my youth—my youth that yet
I sigh for with a fond regret—
Ah ! wherefore can I love no more
As once I loved Rosette of yore ?

## "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."

(From the French of Béranger.)

Ye gods! how fair she is! how bright
To me her beauty seems!
Her eyes are full of tender light
That haunts the soul in dreams.
No breath of life can sweeter be
Than hers, beneath the sky:
Ye gods! how beautiful is she,
But what a fright am I!

Ye gods! how fair! scarce twenty years
Have watched her charms unfold:
Her mouth a budding rose appears,
Her tresses, molten gold.

Demure and coy she fails to see
Each grace that we descry:
Ye gods! how beautiful is she,
But what a fright am I!

Ye gods! how exquisite her bloom!
And yet she loves me well:
For years I envied men on whom
Fair woman's eyes would dwell.
Until I won her, Love from me
Disdainfully would fly:
Ye gods! how beautiful is she,
But what a fright am I!

Ye gods! she seems more charming now
For me her passion glows:
Bald before thirty years, my brow
To her its garland owes.
My love shall now no secret be,
Triumphant I can die:
Ye gods! how beautiful is she,
But what a fright am I!

## PROLOGUE TO THE "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

(As acted in Montreal by the late Professor Andrew's pupils.)

What shall I say?—'Tis nigh three hundred years
Since the Great Master of our smiles and tears,
Shakespeare, the myriad-minded artist, drew
His never-fading portrait of the Jew.

Immortal Shylock! When we speak thy name,
What swift emotions kindle into flame!
Lured by the Dramatist's romantic spell
From the grey common-place wherein we dwell
We voyage backward, up the stream of Time,
To sea-girt Venice in her golden prime.
And there, encircled by her clustering isles
Round which the Ocean ever sports and smiles,

From marble palace and from frescoed wall,
From mosque-like fane and statue-peopled hall,
We turn our gaze to where Rialto's pride
Rears its broad arch and spans the busy tide;
For us one figure lives and haunts the scene,
In scarlet cap and threadbare gaberdine.

Aye—there he stands—the money-lending Jew,
Wise as a serpent—and as deadly, too—
He sees his race, the chosen of the Lord,
Proscribed and spurned, insulted and abhorred,
Till in his breast, inscrutable to all,
The milk of kindness curdles into gall.
Antonio threatens—must the threat be borne?
Again to spit upon his beard in scorn;
Oh! for one glorious chance, ere life be fled,
To wreak hot vengeance on the Christian's head;
Oh! that he might by one tremendous deed
Force the whole heart of Christendom to bleed.

It comes, at last, the chance for which he prayed;
The Duke is Judge, the forfeit must be paid,
And the stern claimant whets a gleaming knife,
Keen as his hunger for the Merchant's life.

We watch, we tremble for Antonio's fate,
We loathe the Hebrew's unrelenting hate,
But still we pity; and when Shylock old
Robbed of his child, his vengeance, and his gold,
Sees nought to live for in the years to come,
And blindly staggers to his lonely home,
I trow, that never since the world began
Hath woe more tragic been beheld by man!

Peace to such thoughts! I meant at first to say
More of the players than about the play,
But to my own astonishment I flew
Off at a tangent—all about the Jew.
One word, kind friends—whene'er you think it right,
Greet with applause the actors of to-night.

They're young, they own it, pray, forgive the crime—
Youth is a fault that disappears—in time.

Portia's sweet self is waiting, at the side,
Antonio's saviour and Bassanio's bride :
Her melting tones, inimitably clear,
Fall like soft music on the spell-bound ear,
While pert Nerissa plays a double part,
Like giddy Jessica, with graceful art.
As for the boys—those sprightly, clever elves
Have tongues, I know, to answer for themselves.

My task is o'er—the curtain soon will rise,
And Shakespeare's scenes shall live before your eyes.

## VILIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

In London's fair city a merchant did dwell,
He had but one daughter, an unkimmon nice young gal;
Her name it were Dinah, just sixteen years old,
With a very large portion of silver and gold.

As Dinah was a-valking in the gardin one day,
Her papa he came to her and thus he did say:—
"Go, dress yourself, Dinah in gorgeous array,
For I've got you a 'usband, both galliant and gay."

"Oh, papa, oh, papa! I've not made up my mind,
And to marry just yet I am not quite inclined:
And all my large fortin I'll gladly give o'er,
If you'll let me be single just one year or more."

## IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Res bene Londini quondam mercator agebat,
Unica cui proles, grata puella, fuit.
Dina bis octonos vixdum compleverat annos,
Pondus ob argenti grande petita sui.

Forte vagabatur fragrantem Dina per hortum,
Quum pater ingratos edidit ore sonos :
" Vade age—sic jubeo—regales indue vestes—
Te manet egregius, Dina beata, procus."

" O pater, alme pater ! mea mens incerta vacillat,
Nec cupio, thalami nescia, ferre jugum.
Divitias, quantæ mihi sint, tibi læta resigno,
Dummodo ne cogar me sociare viro."

"Go, go, boldest daughter," the parient replied,
"If you won't consent for to be this man's bride,
I'll give all your fortin to the nearest of kin
And you shan't reap the benefit of one single pin."

As Vilikins vas a-valkin in the gardin one day,
He spied his dear Dinah lying dead on the clay—
And a cup of cold pison was a-lying by her side,
And a billet-dux to say that for Vilikins she died!

He kiss'd her cold corpus a thousand time o'er
He called her his Dinah, though she were no more
And swallowed the pison, like a lover so brave,
And Vilikins and his Dinah lie buried in one grave.

"At cave," respondit pater, "audacissima virgo!
Nec mora—tu conjux conjugis hujus eris:
Sin minus—argento potietur proximus hæres,
Nec fuerit vili te penes asse frui."

Forte pererrabat juvenis Vilikinsius hortum,
Tempore quo moriens Dina jacebat humi;
Cernitur atra calix, gelido commixta veneno,
Chartaque, virgineus quâ patet omnis amor.

Oscula morte rigens accepit mille puella,
Mortua, sed quamvis mortua, Dina tamen!
Tum bibit impavido Vilikinsius ore venenum,
Fidaque cum fido Dina sepulta jacet.

## A FAREWELL TO THE "GUARDS."

Brave men and true, farewell!
This eve the steamship wafts you from our shore,
And few who round the "Royal Mountain" dwell
Will see your faces more:
Should this be so—the future who can read?
Guardsmen! we bid you, one and all, God speed!

Blithe Summer thrice hath bloomed
Since, proudly conscious of your valour's worth,
What time War's shadow in the distance loomed,
Old England sent you forth;
She deemed it well to trust her Western child
To men whose honour never was defiled.

Stern Winter reigned supreme
When to our aid ye marched through dreary lands;
Keen frost, deep snow-drifts seemed a hideous dream
To your enduring bands;
But the warm welcome ye received at last
Effaced the memory of each hardship past.

Then ye were strangers—now
Ye are our friends—and ye have earned the name
By living lives ye need not disavow,
By shunning deeds of shame;
And thus, brave Guardsmen, as your host departs,
One feeling animates Canadian hearts;

One feeling of regret,
Deep and unfeigned, that men by whom each day
Our streets were trod, to whom we owe a debt
That words can never pay,
Will soon be sundered by the ruthless deep
From hearts that pray for them, from eyes that weep!

Oft at the festal scene
We shall miss faces round the social hearth—
When gallant officers, whose courteous mien
Betokened gentle birth,
No longer woo Canadian beauty's glance,
Breathe the soft lay, or circle in the dance.

But not in vain, we trust,
Have your bold legions dwelt within our land ;
Go to your English homes, since go you must,
It is your Queen's command—
But bear away fond memories of the time
That ye have sojourned in our peaceful clime.

Let distant brothers know
That they must dream of Canada no more
As a bleak region of eternal snow,
Where boundless forests soar,
And fur-clad settlers, whom the winter spares,
Wage a grim war with Indians or with bears.

Dispel such idle dreams:
Go tell your comrades, of a fertile soil,
A healthful climate and majestic streams;
Tell how the sons of toil
Love the free country that hath still full space
To nurture millions of the human race.

Tell of our sea-like lakes,
Of village homes were Peace and Plenty smile,
Of grand St. Lawrence, our Canadian Nile,
And the vast Bridge that breaks
The crystal boulders, mountainous and white,
That Winter vainly hurls against its might.

And now, once more Farewell!
May Peace brood dove-like o'er your Island-home,
But oh! if e'er some rebel hordes to quell
Through foreign lands ye roam,
May the great God of Battles lend you might
To vanquish England's foemen in the fight.

## THE SILKEN SASHES.

The Turks were many—the Greeks were few,
But their blood was hot and their hearts beat true;
And they sware an oath before God on high
Never like dastards to yield—but die.

But how can a hundred champions hope
With foes eight hundred or more to cope?
Death comes, however, but once to all,
Why fear to die, if they nobly fall?

One Greek, a stripling, they sent away
And sternly bade him this charge obey:
"Go hide and watch, till the combat ends,
Then bear the news to our wives and friends."

At dawn they quitted the mountain glade
Where each his couch on the turf had made,
And down to the valley they marched, and there
Upreared a rampart with toilsome care.

The Pacha's envoy gave curt command:
"Disband, ye rebels! at once, disband!"
The Chieftain answered, "It is too late.
Our stand is taken: we bide our fate."

The silken sashes that girt them round,
Long crimson sashes, had been unwound:
And linked together, strong limb to limb,
They proudly chanted a battle-hymn.

The onslaught followed: the heroes fell,
Cut down by sabre and shot and shell;
But ere the lives of the hundred sped,
Five hundred Moslems had joined the dead.

When months had passed since that bloody fray,
An English Colonel who rode that way
Saw sun-bleached skeletons strewn around,
With crimson sashes together bound.

## ROMANCE.

(From the French of Théophile Gautier.)

My gallant cavalier has gone
To war in Palestine,
And oft I dream that I alone
On earth am left to pine.
Through my fond lips my soul he drew,
When last those lips he prest:
Who dares detain my warrior true?
The sun has sunk to rest,
And I, alone within my tower,
Chide, till he comes, each lagging hour!

The amorous doves in murmurs low
Are cooing on the eaves,
The waters musically flow
Beneath the willow leaves.

As oft some lily's cup appears
  Surcharged with dewdrops bright,
My spirit overflows in tears—
  The moon unveils her light,
And I, alone within my tower,
Chide, till he comes, each lagging hour!

A footstep up the stairway springs;
  My lover can it be?
'Tis but my little page who brings
  A lamp unasked by me.
Fly, breeze of evening, to my knight,
  And whisper with a sigh,
He is my sorrow and delight—
  Dawn reddens in the sky,
And I, alone within my tower,
Chide, till he comes, each lagging hour!

## DESOLATION.

(From the French of Théophile Gautier.)

In the forest bleak and lonely
Nothing by the winds is stirred
But one withered leaflet only,
And beside it pipes a bird.

Everything is dead or dying
In my heart, save love alone ;
There it sings, but Autumn's sighing
Drowns the music of each tone.

Winter comes—the leaflet falleth,
Love, too, dies amid the gloom ;
Little Bird ! when spring-time calleth,
Come and sing above my tomb !

## A PAUPER POET.

In a vast city's swarming street,
Where crowds sweep wave-like on,
Where, if some strange, quaint sight we meet,
We turn, and lo! 'tis gone;

I saw a face that moved my heart,
That haunts my memory yet,
Its phantom never can depart,
Although but once we met.

I may not tell the wretchedness
That glared from out its eyes;
Touched by its silent, sore distress,
I could not check my sighs.

He passed, men muttered, and I heard
His life's eventful tale—
What marvel if my soul was stirred
That stranger to bewail?

A Poet once—his magic strains
Through Italy had rung,
And with wild music pierced the brains
And hearts of old and young.

He had sung Love, Liberty, and Light,
And, by some weird control,
Had troubled, as an Angel might,
The waters of each soul.

And now he threads the crowded street,
A care-worn pauper old—
White-haired, ill-clad in summer's heat,
Ill-clad in winter's cold.

Methought, that Bard, bowed down and weak,
Was like some leafless vine,
Which, storm-tossed, on a hill-side bleak,
And white with snow, doth pine ;

While the rich juice that from it ran,
Like song from a Poet's heart,
Cheers, warms and fires the souls of men
In climes that oceans part !

## A BALLAD FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

There is a story that hath oft
My spirit deeply stirred,
None ever at its words have scoffed,
Although so often heard.

I call to mind no other tale,
More fitted for the time;
Its pathos cannot wholly fail
To consecrate my rhyme.

A rich man dwelt in days of old
Within a palace rare;
Arrayed in purple and in gold
He fed on sumptuous fare.

And to his gateway there did crawl
A Lazar, old and sore,
Who begged the crumbs that chanced to fall
Upon the palace floor.

Alas! in vain the Lazar prayed;
They bade him "Quick, begone!"
In purple and in gold arrayed
Still Dives feasted on.

Death came—and Lazarus at last
With Angels went to dwell;
The rich man's spirit also passed
Away from earth—to hell.

And thence he lifts his burning eyes
In torment and unrest,
And sees the Lazar, as he lies
In Abraham's holy breast.

"One drop, one drop, in Mercy's name,
To cool my tongue," he cried,
"I am tormented in this flame!"
That blessing was denied.

O brothers! ye, who riches own.
To starving want be just;
Heaven counts those riches but a loan,
A temporary trust.

There is a gulf which yawns between
The Wealthy and the Poor,
And Love alone that wide ravine
Can bridge securely o'er!

## THE BALLAD OF THE HOPELESS MAN.

(From the French of Henri Murger.)

"Who knocks for entrance at this hour?"
"Open." "Who art thou first?" "I"is I."
"Thy name. I cannot ope my door
At midnight to a stranger's cry;

Thy name." "Oh! let me in thy room—
The snow falls fast—it blinds my sight!"
"Thy name." "A corpse within the tomb
Is not more cold than I to-night.

For I have wandered all the day
From north to south, from east to west;
Oh! let the wanderer in, I pray,
One moment by thy fire to rest!"

"Not yet! Who art thou?" "I am Fame—
To immortality I lead."
"Hence mocking shade, delusive name!
Thy faithless voice I dare not heed."

"Oh! hear me, I am Love and Youth
Akin to heaven."—"Pass on thy way;
My mistress failed me in her truth—
Love, Youth for me both died that day!"

"Hush! I am Poesy and Art,
Proscribed by man. Quick, open." "No—
Begone! All music from my heart
Died out with love, long years ago."

"But I am Wealth: thou shalt not lack
Vast treasures of victorious gold,
And I can lure thy mistress back—"
"Alas! but not our love of old."

"Unbar thy dwelling! I am Power,
And I can throne thee as a King."
"In vain—the friends that are no more
Back to these arms thou canst not bring."

"Then hearken! If for him alone
Who tells his name, thy doors unclose—
Learn that my name is Death: I own
A balm that cures all earthly woes.

Hark! at my girdle clank the keys
Of gloomy vaults where sleep the dead!
Thou, too, shalt slumber at thine ease,
For I will guard thy dreamless bed."

"Come, then, thou stranger pale and thin,
Scorn not my garret's naked floor—
My hearth is cold, but enter in,
I welcome thee—I can no more.

Hope's self my bosom cannot thrill,
And I am weary of life's cheat:
Had but my courage matched my will,
This heart long since had ceased to beat.

Come, sup with me, and sleep; and when
Thy reckoning thou shalt seek to pay
At morn, O gentle Angel, then
Far bear me in thine arms away.

Long for thy coming I have pined,
And I with joy will be thy mate:
But leave, oh! leave my dog behind,
For—so—one friend shall mourn my fate!"

## MUMMY WHEAT.

Telling of harvest days to come,
Yon ripening wheat appears,
With slender stems that gently bow
Beneath the golden ears.

Strange is the story of the seed
That first was planted there—
How wondrous that a withered grain
An hundred fold should bear!

Once buried in a silent tomb,
It slept through ages slow,
Clasped in a dark Egyptian's hand
Three thousand years ago.

Portrayed upon the massive walls
Might all his deeds be viewed:
No mortal step had e'er profaned
That awful solitude.

At length within the painted cell
A stranger dared to tread,
And fearless, stretched his impious hand
To steal the ancient dead:

He seized upon the mummy's form
And bore it far away,
Until on British ground he laid
The venerable prey.

With careful fingers he removed
The swathings, one by one,
And scanned at last with eager gaze
Old Egypt's swarthy son.

And soon arose the fragrant scent
Of spice and oil and balm,
And grains of corn came rolling down
From out the blackened palm:

Grains, that perchance were threshed and stored
In Canaan's time of dearth:
Parched as they were, he planted them
Below the genial earth.

Down dropped the gentle rains of heaven,
And soft refreshing dew;
The seed their kindly influence felt,
And life-awakened grew.

And see! the stems in beauty spring,
As tender, young and green,
As if but one short year ago
That seed had gathered been!

## A STORY OF KING DAVID.

1 Chronicles, Chap. XI, 15–19.

'Twas the harvest-time, and the warrior King
In the Cave of Adullam lay,
Weary of battles, and languishing
With the pitiless heat of day;
Pale he lay, as one who had died,
And his foes were around him on every side.

Through a storm-rent crevice he bent his gaze
Upon Rephaim's vale below,
And watched in the quivering noontide-blaze
The tents of the heathen glow;
For the foemens' garrisons held each place,
City or hamlet, that eye could trace.

A burning fever consumed the King,
And he panted with keen desire
For a fresh, cool draught from some mountain spring,
While his brain seemed all on fire;
But rivulet near him or fount was none:—
They had been lapped up by the fierce, hot sun.

Then he thought how his enemies slaked their thirst
At the well by Bethlehem's gate,
And a cry from his kingly bosom burst,
As he crouched there, desolate;
"Oh! the cool, pure waters of Bethlehem,
My parched lips' agony pines for them!

Is it some dream that I panting lie
Like a woodland beast at bay?
Israel's anointed King, am I
To perish of thirst this day?
Oh! that some help-mate a draught would give
Of Bethlehem's waters that I might live!"

Adino the Eznite, a stalwart chief,
And warrior-comrades twain,
Heard the sick monarch's low cries of grief,
And vowed to assuage his pain;
But for three, I ween, 'twas a hopeless task
To seek the boon that the King did ask.

Their fleet, strong coursers flew like wind,
Their swords like lightning flashed,
As onward, to jeopardy seeming blind,
Like angels of death they dashed,
Till at Bethlehem's gate, after bloody deeds,
They reeled in their saddles and reined their steeds.

Ice-cold water they drew from the well,
And soon by the same red track,
While arrows and javelins rain-like fell,
Rode gashed and gore-stained back:
Then they sought the cavern, and cried, "O King,
Water from Bethlehem's well we bring."

Dizzy and feeble the King stood up
To honor the mighty Three,
And with trembling fingers upraised the cup,
While its waters sparkled free;
Still he would not sip one drop, but poured
The blood-bought life-draught to the Lord.

And he spake, "O Lord! be it far from me
To do this sinful thing;
This cup is the blood of these mighty Three
Who were stricken to save their King!"
So he would not drink in his sore distress—
Could a king do more, or a hero less?

## AT LAKE MAHOLÉ.

(Dedicated to Louis J. Papineau, Esq., of Montebello.)

Stretched on a hillside's wooded height,
While with faint sigh the breezes blow,
We watch the moonbeams' trembling light
On Lake Maholé's breast below.

Primeval mountains, grouped around,
O'ergrown by immemorial pines,
The near horizon's circle bound
With their black summits' curving lines.

And all is silent as the moon—
The earth, the waters, and the sky—
Save when some solitary loon
Wakes the weird echoes with a cry.

Here, where man's step hath seldom trod,
Where settler's axe hath never rung,
We muse unseen except by God—
Each nerve to new-born rapture strung.

Amid this solemn wilderness
'Twere sweet, dear friend, to dwell awhile,
Far from stern labor's daily stress
Too rarely solaced by a smile.

'Twere sweet—who knows? beneath yon lake
To sink on some tempestuous night,
And in an after-world to wake—
A world of unimagined light!

Peace to such thoughts. The camp-fire's blaze
Allures us to our transient home:
To-morrow, with the sun's first rays
Awaking, onward we will roam.

## FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

### FOR A BLIND BEGGAR.

Like Homer's self, or Belisarius blind,
By one slight girl, his guardian angel, led—
The alms bestowed by strangers who are kind
He cannot see; God watches in his stead.

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### BENEATH A CRUCIFIX.

Come to this God, ye mourners, for he weeps:
Come, ye who suffer, he will heal your pain:
Ye tremblers, come: his pity never sleeps;
Come, all who pass: Christ waits, and will remain.

LINES ADDRESSED TO SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., &c, ON RECEIVING FROM HIM THE LATEST VOLUME OF HIS POEMS INSCRIBED "TO GEORGE MURRAY—WITH THE AUTHOR'S LOVE. EDWIN ARNOLD, BOSTON, SEP. 21, 1889."

Yes! "With the Author's love:"
To me such words are dear—
And yet, how far above
My worth those words appear!

But love, that ne'er hath died
Through all the dying years,
Still keeps our hearts allied,
And each to each endears.

# NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

# NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

(1) The Indian word Utāwa is here used, as being more correct, and at the same time more sonorous than the word Ottawa. So Moore in his "Canadian Boat-song, written on the River St. Lawrence":

> "Utawa's tide! the trembling moon
> Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon."

(2) "Of illustrious men all earth is the sepulchre."—Thucydides Book ii Chap. xliii.

(3) "A large cross was made, and solemnly blessed by the Priest. The commandant (Maisonneuve), who with all the ceremonies of the Church had been declared First Soldier of the Cross, walked behind the rest, bearing on his shoulder a cross so heavy that it needed his utmost strength to climb the steep and rugged path. They planted it on the highest crest, and all knelt in adoration before it." Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, p. 263.

(4) "The Iroquois boasted that they would wipe the French from the face of the earth, and carry the 'white girls,' meaning the Nuns, to their villages."—Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, p. 241. See also the passage from Dollier de Casson, quoted in note (9).

(5) "Adam Daulac, or Dollard, Sieur des Ormeaux, was a young man of good family, who had come to the Colony three years before, at the age of twenty-two. It was said that he had been involved in some affair which made him anxious to wipe out the memory of the past by a noteworthy exploit; and he had been busy for some time among the young men of Montreal, inviting them to join him in the enterprise he meditated. Sixteen of them caught his spirit, struck hands with him, and pledged their word. They bound themselves by oath to accept no quarter; and, having gained Maisonneuve's consent, they made their wills, confessed, and received the Sacraments."—Parkman's *Old Régime in Canada*, p. 73. See also p. 143 *Histoire de Montréal* par M. Dollier de Casson, whom Parkman has closely followed in his narrative of "The Heroes of the Long Sault."

(6) Enfin, le cœur les fit surmonter ce que leur peu d'expérience ne leur avoit pas acquis, si bien qu'ils arrivèrent au pied du Long-Sault, où, trouvant un petit fort sauvage nullement flanqé, entouré de méchants pieux qui ne valoient rien, commandé par un côteau voisin, ils se mirent dedans, n'ayant pas mieux."—*Histoire de Montréal* par M. Dollier de Casson, p. 144.

(7) "The Dutch traders at Fort Orange, now Albany, had supplied the Iroquois with firearms."—Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, p. 211.

(8) "Enfin ces âmes lâches au lieu de se sacrifier en braves soldats de J.C., abandonnèrent nos 17 François, sautant qui d'un côté, qui de l'autre pardessus les méchantes pallissades."—Dollier de Casson, p. 147.

(9) "Ils avoient beau enrager; il ne pouvoient se venger; c'est pourquoi ils députèrent un canot pour aller quérir 500 Guerriers qui étoient aux Isles de Richelieu, et qui les attendoient, afin d'emporter tout d'un coup ce qu'il y avait de François dans le Canada, et de les abolir, ainsi qu'il en avoient conjuré la ruine."—Dollier de Casson, p. 146.

(10) Besides muskets, the French had heavy musketoons of large calibre, which, scattering scraps of lead and iron among the throng of savages, often maimed several of them at one discharge."—Parkman's *Old Régime in Canada*, p. 79.

(11) "Un de ces 40 hurons nommé Louis arriva ici le 3e juin tout effaré, et dit que nos 17 François étaient morts, mais qu'ils avoient tant tué de gens que les ennemis se servoient de leurs corps pour monter et passer par-dessus les palissades du Fort où ils étaient."—Dollier de Casson, p. 150.

(12) "On peut dire que ce grand combat a sauvé le pays, qui sans cela étoit raflé et perdu, suivant la créance commune."—Dollier de Casson, p. 151.

"To the colony this glorious disaster proved a salvation. The Iroquois had had fighting enough. If seventeen Frenchmen, four Algonquins, and one Huron, behind a picket fence, could hold seven hundred warriors at bay so long, what might they expect from many such, fighting behind walls of stone?"—Parkman's *Old Régime in Canada*, p. 82.

"The self-devotedness of Daulac and his brave men was equal to a victory in its effect; for the Savages, struck by the stout resistance they had met with, gave up all thought of making an attack they had planned on Quebec."—Garneau's *History of Canada*, vol. i, p. 156 (Bell's Edit.)

"The Colony, in fact, was saved."—Miles' *History of Canada*, p. 53.

It may here be mentioned that in 1874 the *Montreal Witness* offered a prize of fifty dollars for the best ballad on any subject in Canadian history.

The verses entitled "How Canada was Saved" were selected for the prize out of 291 contributions. The judges appointed by the *Witness* were the late Rev. J. Frederick Stevenson, D.D. : the Rev. James Carmichael : and S. E. Dawson, Esq.

(13) Founded on an incident related in *Fraser's Magazine*.

(14) Lady Wilkinson in one of her books entitled "Weeds and Wild Flowers" writes : "There can be no good reason for rejecting—in default of all other credible testimony—the old legendary tale of the Danes who stole by night into the camp of the sleeping Scotch, but were defeated in their intention by the chance occurrence of their having trodden with naked feet upon the sharp spines of some thistles, which made them cry out, &c." See, also, *Notes and Queries* of March 20, 1852, p. 281, and *Chambers' Journal*, Vol. xx, 1853, p. 189. My verses, founded on these references, obtained the gold medal offered by the St. Andrew's Society of Ottawa, in 1869, for "the best poem on the subject of 'The Thistle.'"

(15) In Turner's "Anglo-Saxons," Book IV, Chap. VI, the Danes are called the "Tigers of the Baltic."

(16) Albin—the ancient name of Scotland. See Campbell's poem, "Lochiel's Warning."

(17) These verses, written at Oxford, were given by me to Sir Edwin Arnold, and served to fill two pages in his first published volume, entitled "Poems : Narrative and Lyrical."

(18) "The house that is to be builded for the Lord must be exceedingly magnifical." 1 Chronicles, xx, 5.

(19) These lines are printed as a "Curiosity of Literature." The reader who refers to the first chapter of "The Battle of Life" by Charles Dickens, will find that, by the mere addition or omission of a few words, the novelist's graphic description of the scene where once a great battle had been fought is here turned into unrhymed metre. The late R. H. Horne pointed out in "A New Spirit of the Age," that the account of the funeral of "Little Nell," falls, with slight alteration, into blank verse of irregular rhythm, such as Southey, Shelley, and other poets have occasionally adopted.

The following verses from the French are subjoined as bearing a considerable resemblance to the description by Dickens. They were written subsequently to "The Battle of Life," which the French author must apparently have read.

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

(From the French of Camille André Lemoyne )

There, where the cornfields mingle with the sky,
  Where flocks and herds at twilight's hour have sought
The languid stream that wanders idly by—
  A ghastly battle long ago was fought.

The Spring was joyous as she is to-day,
  And 'mid the carnage many a wilding bud
That else might soon have blossomed on its spray,
  Blent its faint fragrance with the fumes of blood.

From morn to eve the combat did not slack,
  Swarms of bright insects dropped to earth in showers,
Great golden butterflies with streaks of black
  Dragged themselves, dying, to the dying flowers.

The stream ran red—a lurid crimson smirch
  Soiled with deep stain the blue kingfisher's plume,
The pendent willow and the trembling birch
  Mixed their clear shadows in the river's gloom.

The rushing mill-dam long was choked with mud,
  Wide ruts were furrowed in the reeking clay,
And there were pools of pestilential blood
  Where trampled squadrons perished in the fray.

But when the tempest of the fight was still,
  And jaded legions brief repose had sought,
The moon slow rising from behind a hill
  Marked the wild havoc that a day had wrought.

There, hurled together in a tangled heap
  'Mid black artillery and standards torn,
Horseman and horse lay wrapped in dreamless sleep,
  With eyes wide open, sightless and forlorn.

Vast graves were dug at random for the slain ;
  The stars, those peaceful warders of the sky,
Looked down with pity on the ravaged plain,
  And bathed its turf with radiance from on high.

The youthful peasant, when his glance would note
  Rank pasture tinted with too bright a green,
Checked the gay carol in his bird-like throat
  And drove his oxen with a graver mien !

(20) Page 156. M. Frêdéric Godefroid in his "*Histoire de la Littérature Française,*" Tome II, p. 419, writes:

"*Un sonnet sauva le nom de Félix Arvers, Quelques fins lettrés avaient gardé le souvenir de cette pièce de "Mes heures perdues," imitée de l'italien, selon l'auteur, mais dont Mme Victor Hugo avait été, dit-on, à son insu, l'inspiratrice. 'Dites-moi,' demandait Janin, 's'il n'est pas dommage que ces choses-là se perdent et disparaissent ainsi qu'un article de journal?'*"

(21) Page 162. This poem by Jacques Jasmin, the barber-poet of Agen on the Garonne, has never before, I believe, been translated, probably on account of its homely simplicity which in passages may seem too prosaic for the public taste. Longfellow, in his translation of "The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuille," had to fight against the same difficulty. "A Week in a Son's Life" is said by the author to have been founded on fact.

(22) Page 184. These few simple lines record an actual incident. The self-slain victim was know n to his fellow-workmen in Paris by the name of "Jacques" only.

(23) Page 193. "The legend frequently assigned to the Aspen—that it was used for the Cross of our Lord, and that its leaves have shivered ever since—is, we believe, of no great antiquity. The shivering of the leaves is said, in some parts of Germany, to have been a punishment for the great pride of the tree, which refused to bow its head when the Saviour passed through the forests of the North, and all the other trees bent lowly before him."—*London Quarterly Review*, July, 1863. Art: "Sacred Trees and Flowers." I have adopted a variation of this legend.

(24) Page 268. Part of this poem on Burns was written by William Allan Russell, M.A., of Hertford College, my immedi ate predecessor in the Lusby Scholarship at Oxford.

(25) Page 270. "Why should we speak of *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*—since all know of it, from the King to the meanest of his subjects? This dithyrambic was composed on horseback, in riding, in the middle of tempests, over the wildest Galloway Moor, in company with a Mr. Syme, who, observing the poet's looks, forbore to speak—judiciously enough, for a man composing *Bruce's Address* might be unsafe to trifle with."—Carlyle on *Burns*, Edinburgh Review, No. 96. See also Currie's Life of Burns, vol. 1, p. 211.

(26) Page 297. "'*Jean le gorge-rouge,*' as the robin is called in Brittany, is there said to have plucked a thorn from the crown of the Saviour, in the vain attempt to remove it, and to have been marked ever since by its red

breast." *London Quarterly Review* of July, 1863. Art: "Sacred Trees and Flowers." "The Legend of the Redbreast" forms the subject of an article of eight pages in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of October, 1885.

([27]) Page 307. "AN APPEAL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB" appeared in *Diogenes*, February 19, 1869, and is here reprinted, not on account of any supposed poetical merit, but because it met the warm approval of those in whose interest it was written. The following letter from Mr. Widd needs no comment:—

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

(*To the Editor of the Montreal Witness.*)

SIR,—The public have heard so much through your columns about the deaf and dumb, and what is intended to be done for them; but so very few are able adequately to understand this unfortunate class that anything contributing to their enlightenment on this point must be very acceptable. We have to thank your comic contemporary *Diogenes*, for the accompanying lines, which are the most truthful and vivid I have ever met with, so much so, that I am almost inclined to think the writer must have experienced the "crushing calamity" himself, or that some ministering angel has portrayed the deaf-mute's condition in all its reality to the writer. Of all the numerous attempts to describe this misfortune that I have met with, this piece of poetry is far the best, for even the great literary genius—Ben Jonson—gave it up with a single sentence; "Of all human calamities, that of the deaf and dumb is the most crushing," and England's greatest living author, Charles Dickens, failed to produce anything like it in the feeble attempt in one of his late Christmas stories, in *All the Year Round*. Surely you will agree with me in saying that this beautiful and truthful poem deserves a wider circulation than can be attained by a Montreal comic paper. The lines referred to are here subjoined.

Yours respectfully,

THOS. WIDD,

Montreal, Feb. 21, 1869. A Deaf-Mute.

([28]) Page 312. "THE PITY OF IT" was published in the first number of *Diogenes*, November 13, 1868, and was founded on the following newspaper paragraph:—

"At the Recorder's Court this morning, the name of Margaret Dagenais, aged 18, was called. About two weeks ago she was enticed from her home in the country by a villain, who brought her here, and after effecting her ruin deserted her. Being homeless and friendless, she obtained shelter at the Central Station for several nights in succession. Since she was first observed by the police she has been fast growing ill, and yesterday appeared partially deranged. No one has been able to obtain from her the name of her seducer, and she seems to prefer death among strangers rather than that her parents should learn her shame."—*Montreal Witness*, Nov. 6th, 1868.

(29) Page 320. "I sat upon the right side of the ship, and looked out across the blue, billowy sea; a lad sat not far from me, and sang a Venetian song about the bliss of love, and the shortness of life."—Hans Andersen's *Improvisatore*, chap. xxiv.

(30) Page 331. The idea of "The Hare and the Tortoise" (originally published in the Montreal *Spectator*) was suggested to me by the late George T. Lanigan. Long after my lines had appeared, some verses were published in *Punch*, with the same *motif*. I pointed out in the *Star* the dates of the two sets of verses, having previously acknowledged that the new dress of the old fable belonged to my lamented friend alone.

(31) Page 384. In the *Illustrated London News* for September 22, 1849, is a description (with an engraving) of mummy wheat raised by R. Enoch, of Stow-on-the-Wold, from grains brought from Thebes by the family of Sir William Symonds. See *Notes and Queries* for July 17, 1852. Compare the following passage at pp. 83-4 of "The Philosophy of Disenchantment," by Edgar Everston Saltus, (Boston; Houghton, Miffin & Co., 1887):—

"The *London Times*, 21st September, 1840, contained a notice to the effect that at a lecture delivered by Mr. Pettigrew, at the Literary and Scientific Institute, the lecturer showed some grains of wheat which Sir G. Wilkinson had found in a grave at Thebes, where they must have lain for 3,000 years. They were found in an hermetically sealed vase. Mr. Pettigrew sowed twelve grains, and obtained a plant which grew five feet high, and the seeds of which were then quite ripe."

## ERRATUM.

Page 318, line 5. For "Gecian" *read* "Grecian."

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